THE MANITOBA READERS

IV

TU355933

Presented to the
LIBRARIES *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by

University of Alberta
Libraries

Miss Minnie Horsburgh.

8.75

Carnduff

Sask

Ogo 30

Miss Minnie

Horsburgh

(teacher)

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024 with funding from
University of Toronto

https://archive.org/details/manitobareaders00unse

Heads of Angels.—*Reynolds.*

(The five heads shown in this beautiful "angel choir" were painted from one little girl, Frances, daughter of Lord George Gordon.)

THE MANITOBA READERS

Fourth Reader

Approved by the Advisory Board for use in the Public Schools of Manitoba

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
London, Edinburgh, Dublin, & New York

CLARK BROS. & CO., LIMITED
WINNIPEG

Authors.

CONTENTS.

*** *The asterisk denotes a poetical passage.*

*Canada! Maple Land! ... 7
The Daisy and the Lark ... 8
*The Brook Song 12
The Story of Hans Andersen 13
*The Arrow and the Song ... 17
The Unknown Painter ... 17
*The Children's Hour ... 21
A Crust of Bread 24
*A Hindu Fable 29
A Pioneer Woman ... 31
The Lord is My Shepherd 39
*Song of the Seasons ... 40
The Beavers 43
*Green Fields of England ... 50
The Hammer of Thor ... 51
*The Wind in a Frolic ... 56
The Mirror 59
*Speak Gently 64
Vegetable Savings Banks ... 67
Arachne 70
*Zlobane 75
A Young Driver's Mistake 78
*Somebody's Mother ... 83
A Story of Florence Nightingale 86
*The Colors of the Flag ... 91
The Flax 93
*The Fairies of the Caldon-Low 99
*Robert of Lincoln 104
The Walls of Sparta ... 106
The Good Sword Excalibur 111
*Storm Song 115
Tom, the Water-Baby ... 116
*How the Leaves Came Down 124
The Silk Spinner 126
Jimmy and the Toads ... 130
*The Union Jack 134
Black Beauty's Breaking In 137
*Daybreak 143
The Boy Musician ... 144
*The Golden Key 148
Story of Cædmon 151
*Sweet and Low 155
The Last Lesson in French 156
*The Overland Mail ... 160
Michael the Upright ... 162
*The Wreck of the *Hesperus* 166
The Shoemaker and the Elves 171
*Little Brown Hands ... 174

The Story of a Lake ... 176
The Beatitudes 179
The Dog Crusoe 180
Springs and Wells 186
*The Wind and the Moon ... 190
The Golden Windows ... 193
Cotton 197
*The Flight of the Birds ... 201
The Minstrel's Song ... 203
*Sherwood 209
Alfred the Great 212
The Story of Moween ... 217
*Home, Sweet Home ... 220
How Siegfried Made the Sword 221
*Evening at the Farm ... 227
The Christmas Dinner ... 230
A Child's Dream of a Star 236
*A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea 241
The Little Postboy.—I. ... 242
The Little Postboy.—II. ... 248
*The Night Wind 255
The Little White Door.—I. 258
The Little White Door.—II. 264
*Hiawatha's Canoe 268
How Tom Sawyer Painted the Fence 273
*Hiawatha's Hunting ... 281
Fishing on the Great Banks 285
*Changing Places 288
A Band of Heroes ... 290
*Song of the Golden Sea ... 293
Queer Ways of Doing Things 295
*Christmas Song 298
The Land of the Rising Sun 300
*The Frost Spirit 303
On a Tea Plantation ... 305
*Where is the Briton's Home? 315
Cincinnatus 317
*The Singing Leaves ... 321
An Ostrich Farm 328
*Christmas 332
Caught in a Blizzard ... 334
*Frost 341
The Story of George Stephenson 343
*Little Bell 354
The Prairie Chicken ... 357
The Dipper 361
*The Owl 364
The Sower and the Seed ... 365
*John Gilpin 366
The Blue Jay 378
*The Voice of Spring ... 382
*Children of the Empire ... 384

THE MANITOBA READERS.

BOOK IV.

CANADA! MAPLE LAND!

Canada! Maple land! Land of great mountains!
Lake-land and River-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility—
Fear that is reverent, not fear that is base;
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame!

Last born of Nations! the offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold!

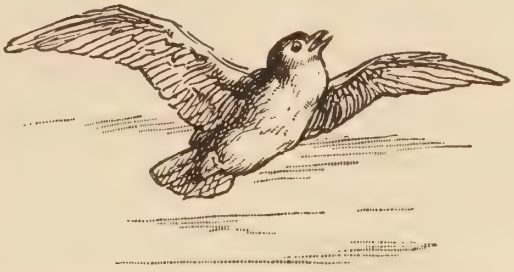
THE DAISY AND THE LARK.

In the country, close by the roadside, stood a pleasant house. In front lay a little garden, enclosed by a fence, and full of blossoming flowers. Near the fence, in the soft green grass, grew a little daisy. The sun shone as brightly and warmly upon her as it shone upon the large and beautiful garden flowers that grew inside the fence.

The daisy grew from day to day. Every morning she unfolded her white rays, and lifted up a little golden sun in the centre of her blossom. She never remembered how little she was. She never thought that she was hidden down in the grass, while the tall beautiful flowers grew in the garden. She was too happy to care for such things. She lifted her face towards the warm sun, she looked up to the blue sky, and she listened to the lark singing high in the air.

One day the little daisy was as joyful as if it were a great holiday, and yet it was only Monday. The little children were at school. They sat at their desks learning their lessons. The daisy, on her tiny stem, was learning from the warm sun and the soft wind how good God is. Then the lark sang his sweet song. "How beautiful, how sweet the song is!" said the daisy. "What a happy bird to sing so sweetly and fly so high!" But

she never dreamed of being sorry because she could not fly or sing.



The tall garden flowers by the fence were very proud and conceited. The peonies thought it very grand to be so large, and puffed themselves out to be larger than the roses. "See how bright our colors are!" said the tulips; and they stood bolt upright to be seen more plainly. They did not notice the little daisy. She said to herself, "How rich and beautiful they are! No wonder the pretty bird likes them. I am glad that I live near them."

Just then the lark flew down. "Tweet, tweet, tweet," he cried, but he did not go near the peonies and tulips. He hopped into the grass near the lowly daisy. She trembled for joy. The little bird sang beside her:

"Oh, what sweet, soft grass, and what a beautiful little flower, with gold in its heart and silver on its dress!" How happy the little daisy felt! And the bird kissed it with his beak, sang to it, and then flew up into the blue air above.

The daisy looked up at the peonies and the tulips; but they were quite vexed, and turned their backs upon her. She did not care, she was so happy When the sun was set, she folded up her leaves and went to sleep. All night long she dreamed of the warm sun and the pretty little bird. The next morning, when she stretched out her white leaves to the warm air and the light, she heard the voice of the lark, but his song was sad. Poor little lark! He might well be sad: he was a prisoner in a cage that hung by the open window. He sang of the happy time when he could fly in the air, joyous and free.

Just then two boys came into the garden. They came straight to the daisy. One of them carried a sharp knife in his hand. "We can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark, here," he said. And he cut a square piece of turf around the daisy, so that the little flower stood in the centre. He carried the piece of turf with the daisy growing in it, and placed it in the lark's cage.

"There is no water here," said the captive lark. "All have gone, and forgotten to give me a drop of water to drink. My throat is hot and dry. I feel as if I were burning." And he thrust his beak into the cool turf to refresh himself a little with the green grass. Within it was the daisy. He nodded to her and kissed her with his beak.

"How I wish I could comfort him!" said the daisy. And she tried to fill the air with perfume.

"Poor little flower! have you come here too?" he said.

The poor bird lay faint and weak on the floor of the cage. His heart was broken. In the morning the boys came, and when they found that the bird was dead they wept many bitter tears. They dug a little grave for him, and covered it with flowers. The piece of turf was thrown on the ground. The daisy had given her little life to make the cáptive bird glad.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE BROOK SONG.

Little Brook! little Brook!
You have such a happy look—
Such a very merry manner as you swerve and curve and crook—
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun.

Little Brook, sing to me,
Sing about a bumble bee,
That tumbled from a lily-bell, and grumbled mumblingly
Because he wet the film
Of his wings and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little Brook, sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden braided centre of your current swift and strong,

And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing how, oft in glee,
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little Brook, laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep;
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sinks in softest sleep,
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

James Whitcomb Riley.

(*By permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Copyright 1901.*)

THE STORY OF HANS ANDERSEN.

There are few children who have not read one or more of Hans Andersen's delightful stories. Hans was born in Odense, Denmark, in 1805.

A very bright, cheery life the little boy lived in his

earliest years. Everybody petted him. His mother sent him to school to learn the A B C, but made the teacher promise never to punish him! He was very gentle, and was fond of dreaming. Sometimes he played for hours with dolls, which he loved to dress.

Gentle as he was, he was fearless too. During the harvest his mother sometimes went to the fields to glean after the reapers. One day she and her friends were gleaning in the field of a very cross man, of whom everybody was afraid. A cry was raised that this man was coming. Sure enough on to the field he strode, flourishing a great whip, and calling the poor people names. They all ran away except little Hans, who was not so strong as the rest. Presently he found that the fierce man was almost upon him.

He turned round, looked with his blue baby eyes right into the angry face, and said, "How dare you strike me, when God can see it?"

The harsh man stopped at once, lowered his whip, and patting the rosy cheeks, gave the brave child some coins. It was an unheard-of thing, and Hans's mother exclaimed, "Truly, a strange boy is my Hans; nobody can resist him."

Andersen was only fourteen years old when he implored his mother's consent to let him go and try his fortunes in the great world. She agreed, and

he set off for Copenhagen. He had only a very little money, and his clothing was tied up in a small bundle. The neighbors told his mother that she would never see him again, and that it was dreadful to let a boy so young and so full of silly fancies go so far by himself.

One wise old woman, however, said, "Let him go. He will become a great man, and in his honor Odense will one day be illuminated."

At the city gate his mother and his grandmother kissed him and bade him good-bye. By riding on wagons and on farmers' carts he reached Copenhagen.

The first thing he did when fairly away from home was to kneel on the ground behind a shed and ask God's blessing.

Arrived at the capital, Hans soon found friends who were interested in him because he had a beautiful voice. A celebrated composer took him into his house and gave him lessons. After a while his voice broke, and lost

its sweetness, and this seemed a great calamity. But it was in reality an advantage, for it resulted in Andersen being sent, for the first time in his life, to a good school.

Here, though often pained by boys who did not understand him, and by the curtness of the masters, Hans distinguished himself by diligence and by progress. A lad of nearly seventeen, thin and awkward, he was obliged at first to enter classes with little fellows; but he did not mind that, for he wanted to learn, and to please a kind friend. He had to work hard; for, although he had written verses, he knew nothing of grammar, geography, or spelling.

When a very little fellow, an old washerwoman had told Hans that the empire of China was directly under his feet. Sometimes he would go and sing as loud as he could, hoping that a prince of China would hear him and would dig himself up and bring him a fortune! Years afterwards, when engaged in reading his beautiful stories to delighted listeners, he said that as a child he often watched for the prince to pop up through the floor.

Well, Hans became a poet, and he wrote novels, and finally he began to write stories for children. Many of his works are filled with the sweetest, daintiest, and purest stories in all children's literature. "The Snow Queen," "The Ugly Duckling," and "The Tin Soldier" are favorites with every boy and girl.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

MURILLO, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found on the canvas of one and another of his pupils unfinished sketches bearing marks of rich genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture who was the author.

One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio

A Famous Picture by Murillo—Spanish Peasant Boys.

before him, and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations of surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to theirs on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then to another of the young gentlemen, to see if any one of them would lay claim to it; but each replied with a sorrowful negative. "He who has left this drawing will one day be master of us all," said Murillo.

"Sebastian," said he to a youthful slave that stood trembling by, "who occupies this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, signor."

"Well, take your station here to-night; and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant to this room, thirty lashes shall be your punishment on the morrow."

The slave bowed in quiet submission, and retired.

That night he threw his mattress before the easel, and slept soundly until the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed, "Three hours are my own; the rest are my master's!" He seized a brush, and took his seat at the frame, to erase the work of the preceding night. With brush in hand, he paused before making the fatal stroke. "I cannot, oh, I cannot erase it!" said he; "rather let me finish it!"

He went to work: a little coloring here, a touch there, then a soft shade; and thus three hours rolled

unheeded by. A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo with his pupils stood around; the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement while yet his taper burned.

Again he was a slave. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, signor."

"Your drawing-master, I mean?"

"You, signor."

"I have never given you lessons."

"No, but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Yes, and you have done better: you have profited by them."

Turning to his pupils, he then said, "Does this boy deserve punishment, or reward, my dear pupils?"

"Reward, signor," was the quick response.

"What shall it be?"

One suggested a suit of clothes, another a sum of money, but no chord was touched in the captive's bosom. One said, "The master feels kindly to-day; ask your freedom, Sebastian."

He sank on his knees, and lifted his eyes to his master's face: "The freedom of my father!"

Murillo was touched, and said: "Your pencil shows that you have talent; your request, that you have a heart. You are no longer my slave, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have not only painted; I have made a painter."

There may still be seen in classic Italy many beautiful specimens from the pencils of Murillo and Sebastian.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me—
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon,
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

H. W. Longfellow.

A CRUST OF BREAD.

The boy was lying under a big shady tree eating a large crust of bread. He had been romping with his dog in the garden, enjoying the sweet flowers and the bright sunshine. Now he rested in the cool shade of the apple-tree with the dog curled up at his feet.

As the dog was fast asleep, the boy had no one to play with. Just then a lady, beautifully dressed and holding a wand in her hand, stood before him. She smiled, and then placed her wand on the crust of bread, after which she at once vanished. She had no sooner gone than the boy rubbed his eyes in wonder, for the crust of bread was talking in a gentle voice.

"Would you like to hear my story?" it said. The boy nodded his head, as if to say yes; and the crust began:—

"Once upon a time I was a little baby seed. I lived in a large home called a granary. In this home were many other baby seeds just like me. No one could tell one from the other, as we all belonged to the same family and looked so much alike. We lived there very quietly, until one day my sister cried, 'Hark! do you hear that noise? The mice are coming!' Then she told us that if the mice were to eat us we would never grow to be like our mother. We heard them many times after that, but we never saw them.

"One day a farmer came and put us into a large sack. It was so dark in the sack, and we lay so very near together, that I thought we should smother. Soon I felt myself sliding. I tried to cling to the sack; but the other grains in their rush to the sunlight took me along with them. In our wild race we ran into a tube, and, going faster and faster, we soon fell into the seed-drill.

"Then I felt myself sliding again, for the seed-drill was moving forward. I could hear the driver call out in loud tones to the horses, 'Get up!' and round and round went the big wheels of the drill. All at once I went under cover in the rich ground. At first I did not like to be shut in from the sunlight. But one day, when I heard the crows, I was glad that I was under the coverlet of the ground. I heard their cry of 'Caw, caw,' and how frightened I was! I knew that the crows were near, and that they liked the little baby wheat grains. This made me thank the farmer and Mother Nature for giving me such a good home. The crows could not find me, and by-and-by they flew away.

"Mother Nature now warmed me, and the rains fed me. I went to sleep, but one bright morning I awoke. The rain had been tapping on our great brown house, telling us to awake from our nap. I had grown so large while sleeping that my brown coat burst open. The sun had warmed my bed. I put a little white rootlet out

and sent it down into the ground. The gentle spring breeze and the warm days brought my first blade into the sunlight above the ground, and peeping out I was glad to see everything growing fresh and green. I could hear the bluebird's song and the robin's warble. I could smell the balmy air of spring.

Section of wheat seed enlarged, showing root and stem.

"Mother Nature sent her children every day to help me. The rain came through the soil, and brought me food and drink; the sun fairies warmed my sprouting leaves, and the wind brought me fresh air. In June I wore a dainty green dress of slender, graceful leaves. As my sisters and I stood in the great field on the plain, and were wafted to and fro by the winds, we looked like the waves of the rolling deep.

"So I grew and grew, and one morning, after the dew had given me my cool bath and the sun fairies had dried my leaves, the south wind whispered her song to me, and I found myself a full-grown plant. I was proud of my spikelets of flowers, and now could wave with my sisters in the rolling seas of wheat. Down at the base of our little spikelets were seed cups in which slept the little baby seeds. The wind rocked them to sleep, and sleeping, they grew to the full-sized wheat grain.

"By-and-by we became tall stalks of golden wheat, and

Reaping and Thrashing.

the farmer was glad to look at us. When we were fully ripe, the great reaping-machine drawn by a number of horses came along and cut us down. Then we were picked up and sent whirling through the buzzing jaws of the thrasher. Our grains of wheat were screened from the chaff and straw, and fell into sacks. Then we were put on trains and transported to the mammoth granaries, to be stored away until the flour-mills wanted us.

Flower of wheat much enlarged.

"At last we reached the mills. There we were turned into beautiful white flour and shipped to the market. So in time we, as flour, reached the housewife's or baker's well-stocked kitchen, where we were put into trays, and, being mixed with a little salt, yeast, and some water, were kneaded into loaves of bread and baked. Thus I became the crust of bread that you are eating."

The sun was sinking in the west, the birds were winging their flight homewards. The dog yawned, and, stretching himself out, was ready for another romp with his master. The boy awoke from his dream and hurried home to help with the evening meal.

From "The New Education Readers," by permission of the American Book Company.

A HINDU FABLE.

It was six men of Hindustan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl,—
"I clearly see the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling round the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me it is quite clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee;
"What most this wondrous beast is like
To me is plain," said he:
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "Even the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail,
That fell within his scope—
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Hindustan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong.

A PIONEER WOMAN.

We like to read of the men who have been pioneers and opened up new lands for settlement. The story of their life and work is always full of interest. Women, too, have shared much of the hardship of pioneer life, and they should also share in the honor of being remembered by those who come after.

Who was the first white woman to make her home in the Canadian North-West? Fortunately we can answer this question, and tell something of her life on

the prairies. She was Marie Ann Gaboury, a native of the Province of Quebec; and she became the wife of Jean Baptiste Lajimodière, a voyageur of the North-West, who had returned to visit his friends in the eastern provinces.

Jean Baptiste soon wearied of the old home life in the east. His heart was ever on the western prairies, and shortly after his marriage he determined to return thither. His wife bravely decided to share the hardships of the hunter's life, and in the spring of 1806 she bade farewell to her friends, and set out with her husband for the unknown west.

Every year, as soon as the rivers were free of ice, the fur-traders in Montreal sent out fleets of canoes towards the western prairies. They were manned by Canadian voyageurs, and carried goods to barter with the Indians in exchange for their furs. In one of these canoes Mrs. Lajimodière embarked with her husband, and twelve years were to pass before she should again have a house to dwell in, except during short visits to the stations of the fur-traders.

The canoes for the first part of the journey were large, each being rowed by eighteen men. All the goods and provisions which they carried were put up in bales of eighty or ninety pounds weight for convenience when making a portage. The canoe itself

could be carried by eight men. Between Montreal and Lake Huron there were twenty-six portages.

Mrs. Lajimodière was not, of course, expected to carry a load or to use a paddle, but the journey must have been one of great hardship for her. She had often to pass the whole day seated on the bottom of the canoe without being able to change her position, and exposed to sun, wind, or rain. When camp was made, she had to sleep on the shore with no bed but the hard ground.

When the travellers reached the great lakes, the dangers of shipwreck were added to their other discomforts. Twice the canoe which bore this pioneer woman was in the greatest danger from storms; but finally, after a month's voyage, all arrived safely at Fort William on Lake Superior.

Half the distance to the Red River was now traversed, but it was the easier half. The remainder of the journey was made partly by land and partly in smaller canoes, which bore the travellers to Lake Winnipeg, and finally up the Red River to Pembina.

Mrs. Lajimodière was the first white woman to reach this part of the country, and the Indian women showed the greatest interest in her appearance and her dress. They were rarely hostile, and often friendly; but we can well imagine how much she longed for the companionship of women of her own race.

Fort Pembina in the Olden Days.

Her life on the prairie was often a hard one. She accompanied her husband on his long hunting expeditions, and when her first child was born she carried it on her back in a moss-lined bag as the Indian women did. These women were even more interested in the little white baby than they had been in the mother.

On one occasion Mrs. Lajimodière was staying at a fort. She had then two children, the younger being a pretty little boy with blue eyes and fair hair. A Blackfeet Indian woman who often came into the fort resolved to steal this child, whom she seemed to think more beautiful than her own.

While the mother was bringing water from the river one day the squaw entered the house and hurried off with the child, carrying him in a closed hood on her back. The factor or superintendent of the fort saw her, and met the mother on her return.

"Why do you leave your children alone when the Blackfeet are near?" he said. "There is a squaw hurrying off with a child; it might be one of yours. See whether they are safe."

In a moment Mrs. Lajimodière saw that her baby had been stolen, and she flew in pursuit of the Indian woman, who made off towards her own people with all speed. But the mother caught her and demanded back her child.

St. Boniface and Fort Garry in the Olden Days.

When the woman saw that her scheme had failed, she pretended that she was only carrying off the child to play with him for a while, and she handed him over to his mother without any resistance.

Two years later the Indians tried to get possession of this same boy. This time instead of stealing they offered to buy the child.

A chief came forward leading a fine horse, and put the rope by which it was led into Mrs. Lajimodière's hand, making signs that he wished the boy in exchange for it. You can well imagine how quickly the mother refused such a bargain.

The Indian then led forward a second horse, thinking that a higher price might be accepted; but again the mother refused.

"Tell him," she said, "that I will not sell my child. I would not part with him even if the chief were to tear out my heart."

"Very well," said the Indian; "she may have one of my children along with the horses."

"No," she exclaimed, "I will never consent to part with my boy," and taking her child in her arms she burst into tears.

The Indian chief ceased to urge her more, and went on his way with his people and his horses.

Soon after this event other white settlers came to

make their homes on the Red River. The colonists sent out by Lord Selkirk arrived in 1812, but for several years they endured much hardship. Three years later Mrs. Lajimodière came to the settlement and lived in Fort Douglas while her husband was sent to carry letters to Lord Selkirk at Montreal.

At this time there was much fighting between the fur-traders of Montreal, the North-West Company, and those of the Hudson's Bay Company, to which Lord Selkirk belonged. Fort Douglas was captured by the North-West Company, and the brave pioneer woman had to find a refuge among the Indians.

Better days soon dawned for the Red River settlers, however. Mr. Lajimodière was granted a piece of land in the colony, and at last his wife had a home of her own after twelve years of wandering over the prairie. In spite of all her hardships and dangers, she lived to the good old age of ninety-six years, and died in the house of her son near St. Boniface.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Bible: *The Book of Psalms.*

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

Robins in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
Showers of silver dew;
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;

Pine-tree and willow-tree,
  Fringed elm, and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
  Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses, faint with sweetness;
  Lilies, fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine;
  Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that summer's
  Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch,
  Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side,
  Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes,
  Bursting through the rind;
Red-leaf and gold-leaf,
  Rustling down the wind;

Song of the Seasons.

Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes,
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight;
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime and sleigh-bells,
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy has the ball!)—
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

THE BEAVERS.

There were plenty of little low houses in the pond, and in each one lived a family of beavers. It was the delight of the little beavers to explore every corner of the pond, from the brook at the upper end to the dam at the lower end.

Very likely the little fellows believed that the dam had always been there; but, in fact, the old beavers had built it themselves. When they first came to that spot in the woods, they found only a brook flowing over a hard, gravelly bottom. They first cut down a bush and floated it along till it stuck fast between a rock and a clump of trees. Next they cut other bushes, and carried down poles and branches, till they had a tangle of brush stretching from one bank to the other. Upon this they piled sticks and stones and mud, and then more sticks and stones and mud, and then still more sticks and stones and mud.

At last the dam was so high and solid that the water could not flow through. So it spread out in a pond above the dam till it was deep enough to trickle over the top and tinkle away in a little brook under the trees.

Tiny islands were left here and there in the pond. The old beavers built their houses on the islands or on the bank. First each mother and father dug two tunnels

Beavers at Work.

from the bottom of the pond up through the earth to the floor of their house. One tunnel was to be used when going in and out during the summer; the other tunnel led to their winter pantry under the water. This pantry was to be a pile of fresh sticks cut in the woods every autumn.

Around the two holes in the floor the beavers laid logs and stones in a circle. Upon this foundation they piled sticks and sod to form walls and a roof. Then they plastered the house all over with mud. At the top of the roof they left a small hole, covered only with a tangle of sticks. This was for fresh air. Last of all they swam inside and made the walls even by gnawing off the sharp ends of the wood. Then the house was ready to be furnished with beds of leaves and grasses.

Perhaps during the happy summer the baby beavers believed that play was the most delightful thing in the world. But soon the father beavers came strolling back to the village to cut down trees for the winter. Then the little fellows found that work was even better fun than play.

One night the little beavers followed their parents into the woods and watched them cut down a tree. The father stood up on his hind legs, propping himself with his tail, and began to cut a notch around the trunk. The mother helped on the other side. They gnawed upwards

and downwards, digging out huge chips with their chisel teeth. The circle grew deeper and deeper, till the father's head was almost hidden whenever he thrust it in to take a fresh bite. When finally the wood cracked and the tree-top began to sway, all the family scampered away to the pond. They dived for the tunnel, and hid in the house for a while. There was danger that some hungry wild cat had heard the crash of the branches and had hurried there to catch them for its supper.

As soon as it seemed safe to do so, the beavers paddled out again and trotted away to the fallen tree. The parents trimmed off the branches and cut the trunk into pieces short enough to carry. The father seized a thick pole in his teeth and swung it over his shoulders. As he dragged it towards the pond he kept his head twisted to one side, so that the end of the pole trailed on the ground.

It happened that he reached the pond just in time to help to mend the dam with his thick pole. A pointed log had jammed a hole in the dam. The water was beginning to pour through the hole with a rush. If the pond should run dry, the doors of the tunnels would be left in plain sight. Then probably a wolf, or some other enemy, would hide there to catch the beavers on their way from the woods to their houses.

The old father pushed his pole into the water; then

he jumped in, and taking hold of it with his teeth, he swam out above the hole. When he let go, the water carried the pole squarely across the break in the dam. The other beavers cut bushes and floated them down to weave across the hole. After that they scooped up mud and stones to plaster the dam till not a drop trickled through the mended places.

The next work to be done that autumn was to gather food for the winter. Some of the trees with the juiciest bark grew too far away to be easily dragged to the pond. All the grown-up beavers set to work to dig a canal. They dug and scooped and gnawed off roots, and dragged out stones, till they had made a long canal more than a foot deep. The water flowed into this from the pond. Then it was easy enough to float wood from the juicy trees down to the beaver village.

Even the babies could help in towing the wood down the canal and across the pond to the different houses. Some of the wood became so heavy with soaked-up water that it sank to the bottom beside the doors, and could be packed in a solid pile as easily as on land; most of it, however, kept light enough to float. Instead of heaping new sticks on the top, the beavers pushed them under the top branches. Then more was pressed under that, and more under that, till the pile reached to the bottom. In the winter, of course, the top sticks could

not be eaten, because they would be frozen fast in the ice.

All winter long the beavers lived quietly in their little homes under the snow. Most of the time they slept, each on his own soft bed in the dark. Whenever they were hungry, they paddled down the tunnel which led to the wood pile. Gnawing off some sticks, they swam back with the bundles under their chins. They used the middle of the room for a dining-table. There they nibbled the bark. Then they carried the peeled sticks back into the pond. They did not like to have rubbish left on the floor.

So the winter months slipped away. At last spring melted the ice on the pond. Here and there in the black water little brown heads came popping up. They went ploughing towards shore, leaving the rippled water stretching behind. Up the banks scrambled the beavers —mother beavers and father beavers, big brother beavers and big sister beavers, and all the little beavers who had been babies the year before. Away roamed the fathers up the brook, to have a good time travelling all summer long. The grown-up brothers and sisters began to build dams and houses of their own, while the little fellows wandered into the woods to find their dinners of tender buds and twigs.

JULIA AUGUSTA SWARTZ.

From "Wilderness Babies," by permission of Little, Brown, and Co.
(Copyright U.S. 1905.)

A Herd of Buffaloes.—*Rosa Bonheur.*

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND.

Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

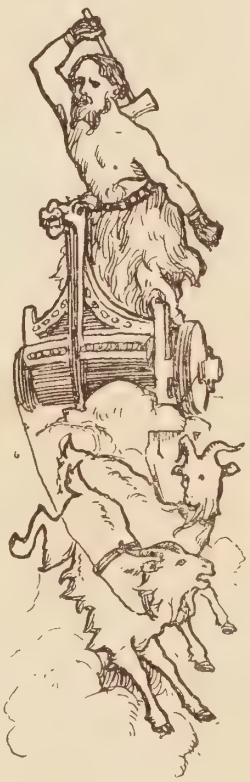
Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast,
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England, won at last.

A. H. Clough.

THE HAMMER OF THOR.

The old Norse Vikings, of whom we read in early history, used to say that thunder was the noise made by the chariot wheels of the god Thor.



This maker of the thunder, they said, was the strongest of gods and men. He lived in a lofty mansion with more than five hundred rooms, which he had built in Asgard, the city of the gods and heroes.

He rode along the sky in a chariot drawn by a pair of he-goats; and he was the owner of three things, without which he would scarcely have been worthy of the name of a god.

The first of these was a huge hammer or mallet, named Miolnir, the weight of which the enemies of Thor knew to their cost. Not the least wonderful thing about this hammer was the fact that, when Thor had thrown it at any mark, it always came back again to his strong right hand.

The second of his treasures, which Thor found very useful, was a belt or girdle, which, when buckled round him, gave him double strength. And the third was a pair of iron gloves, without which he could not grasp and hurl his wonderful hammer.

We can well believe that he always took the utmost care of these three precious gifts of the gods. For at one time he had been unfortunate enough to lose his hammer. It was found by some one and taken to his enemy, Thrym the giant, who was well pleased to think that by its means he could weaken his foe the Thunderer. He hid the hammer under a pile of lofty rugged rocks in the land of the giants, and then waited to see what Thor would do.

The Thunderer began by sending a herald to Giant-land to find out what reward would be asked for the return of the hammer to its owner.

The messenger came back with the answer: "Let the gods in Asgard send Freya, the goddess of beauty, to become the wife of Thrym and the Queen of Giant-land. Then shall the hammer of the Thunderer be given back to him without delay."

The message was at once carried to Freya, the queen of love and beauty, who had at that moment returned from a field of battle with a band of heroes who had fallen in the fight. She was about to alight from her chariot, which was drawn by two huge cats, when the message was given to her.

At first she stood dumb with scorn and anger. "The bride of Thrym!" she cried in a fury, after a few moments—"the wife of the enemy of Odin and all

Thor.—*Sir E. Burne-Jones.* (*Photo by Hollyer.*)

mankind! Never! not even to win back the hammer of Thor."

Then the messenger went back at once to the Thunderer.

For a while Thor did not know what to do; but Loki, the crafty one, came to him with a plan. He offered to go with Thor to Giant-land, if the Thunderer would dress himself as Freya. So without any further delay the two set out in the chariot of Thor, which was drawn by the two he-goats.

Before long they arrived in Giant-land, and sought out the dwelling-place of Thrym. This was a hall of glittering ice, lofty and sparkling, but cold and cheerless to the dwellers in Asgard, who were used to warmth and feasting and cheerfulness.

At once they were admitted, and the giant bade them welcome. In a few moments he had placed a meal before the travellers, and they prepared to do full justice to it.

But the eyes of Thrym opened wide with wonder as he saw his promised bride eat a whole ox as well as six salmon of great size, and other smaller things, and drink off three large vats of sparkling wine!

Turning aside, he said to Loki in a whisper, "The goddess is a hearty eater." "It is no wonder," said the crafty one: "she has not rested from travel for eight

days and nights. We made no pause on our way here, so keen was the desire of the bride to look upon the face of her future lord."

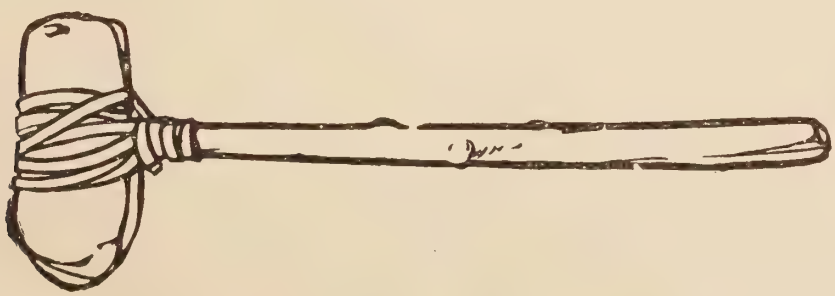
This answer seemed to satisfy Thrym, for he came forward and gently raised the veil which had up to that moment hidden the face of his bride. But he dropped it hastily.

"Why do the bride's eyes shine with so fierce a light?" he asked. "Because she is eager to see your face," said Loki. "You must have more patience. Lay the hammer of Thor on the ground at her feet as a marriage offering, and all will be well."

The giant was so eager to gaze upon the face of Freya, whose beauty was well known to gods and giants, that he said he would do this at once. So Miolnir was brought from its hiding-place, and was laid in the lap of the bride.

Then a strong hand was stretched out from beneath the veil of the pretended goddess. And in a very short time there was an end of Thrym and all his household.

Told from MALET'S "*Icelandic Edda.*"



THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It pulled by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks—
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig and the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;

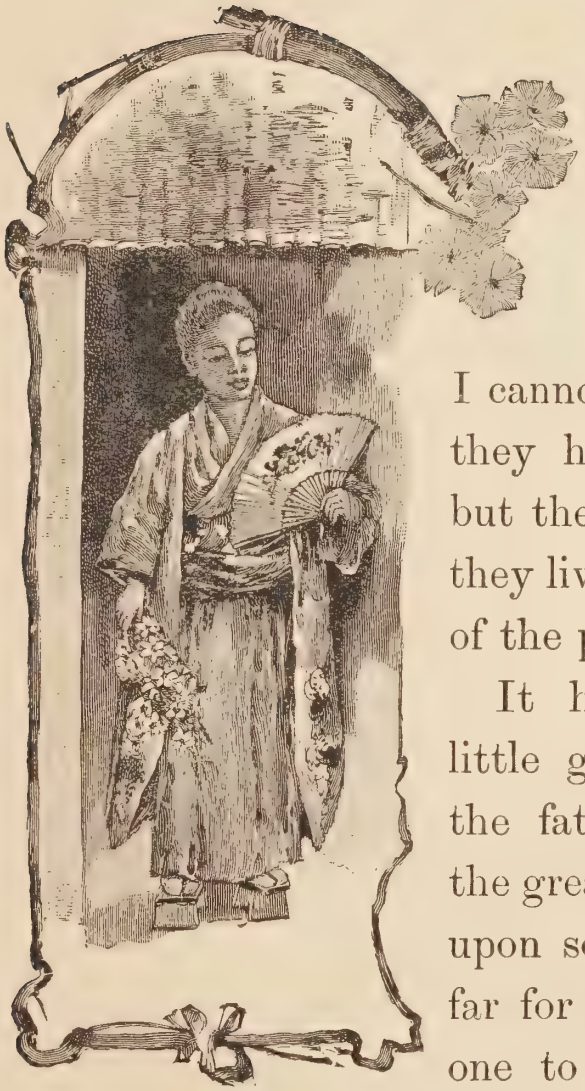
For it tossed him, and whirled him, then passed—
and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

Wm. Howitt.

THE MIRROR.



A long, long time ago there lived in a quiet spot a young man and his wife. They had one child, a little daughter, whom they both loved with all their hearts. I cannot tell you their names, for they have long been forgotten; but the name of the place where they lived was Matsuyama, in one of the provinces of Japan.

It happened once, while the little girl was still a baby, that the father was obliged to go to the great city, the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too far for the mother and her little one to go, so he set out alone, after promising to bring home some pretty presents for them. The mother had never been farther from home than the next village, and she could not help being very anxious at the thought of the long journey her husband was about to take. Yet she was proud too, for he was the first man in all that countryside who had been to the

big town where the king and his great lords lived, and where there were so many beautiful and curious things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband to return; so she dressed the baby in her best clothes, and herself put on an embroidered blue robe which she knew her husband liked. You may fancy how glad she was to see him home again, and how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought for her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen upon his long journey, and in the great town which he had visited.

"I have brought you a very curious present," said the young man to his wife. "Look, and tell me what you see inside of this."

Then he gave her a plain white wooden box, and when she had opened it she found a round piece of metal. One side of the metal was white like frosted silver, and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers; the other side was bright as the clearest crystal. Into its shining surface the young mother looked with wonder and delight, for there she saw smiling at her, with parted lips and bright eyes, a happy, joyous face.

"What do you see?" again asked the husband, pleased at her astonishment, and glad to show that he had learned something while he had been away.

"I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves her lips as if she were speaking, and—how very odd—she has on a blue dress like mine!"

"Why, you silly woman, it is your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of knowing something that his wife did not know. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror. In the city everybody has a mirror, but in this country place no one has ever before seen one."

The wife was charmed with her present, and for a few days could not look into the mirror often enough; for you must remember that, as this was the first time she had seen a mirror, so, of course, it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own fair face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious for everyday use, and soon shut it up in its box again, and put it away carefully among her most valued treasures.

Years passed on, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the very image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that everybody loved her. Remembering her own passing vanity on finding herself

so lovely in the mirror, the mother kept it carefully hidden away, fearing that its use might breed a spirit of pride in her little girl.

She never spoke of the mirror, and the father had forgotten all about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks, or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by-and-by a sad misfortune came upon this happy little family. The good, kind mother became ill; and although her daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, the sick woman grew worse and worse, until at last they knew that she must soon die.

When she found that she must leave her husband and child, the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she should see no more, and most of all for her little daughter. She called the girl to her and said, "My darling child, you know that I am very ill: soon I must die, and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone, promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning: there you shall see me and know that I am still watching over you."

With these words she took the mirror from the secret place where it was kept, and gave it to her daughter. The child promised, with many tears, to obey; and the

mother, having become calm and resigned, died within a short time.

Now the daughter never forgot her mother's last request, but each morning and evening took the mirror from its hiding-place and looked in it long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling vision of her lost mother; not pale and sickly as she was in her last days, but young and beautiful as in the days of long ago. To her mother at night the young girl told the story of the trials and difficulties of the day; and to her mother in the morning she looked for sympathy and encouragement in whatever might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived as in her mother's sight, striving still to please her as she had always done, and careful always to avoid whatever might pain or grieve her. The maiden's greatest joy was to be able to look into the mirror and say, "Mother, I have been to-day what you would have me to be."

Seeing that his daughter looked into the mirror every night and morning, and seemed to hold converse with it, her father at length asked her the reason of her strange behavior.

"Father," she said, "I look into the mirror every day to see my dear mother and to talk with her." Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and that she had never failed to fulfil it.

Touched by so much simplicity, and such faithful, loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection. Nor could he find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was but the reflection of her own sweet face becoming day by day more and more like her dead mother's.

From the Japanese.

A MODERN JAPANESE CITY, TOKYO.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently to the little child—
  Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
  It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one ;
  Grieve not the careworn heart :
The sands of life are nearly run ;
  Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor ;
  Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
  Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring ; know
  They must have toiled in vain ;
Perhaps unkindness made them so—
  Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently : 'tis a little thing
  Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
  Eternity shall tell.

DAVID BATES.

The Gleaners.—*F. J. Millet.*

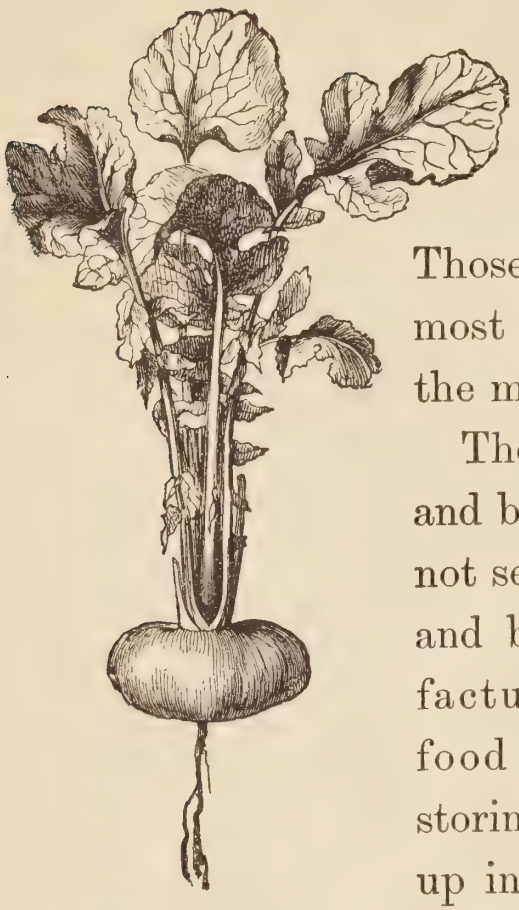
VEGETABLE SAVINGS BANKS.

It is a fine thing to have a bank account. Sometimes parents in the home will start a bank account for the baby and keep adding to it until, by the time the little one has grown to be a big schoolboy, these savings, which have been growing too, will help to pay for a good education.

Potato plant with tubers.

Now many plants are very thrifty parents, and do a great deal for their children by laying up stores of food for them long before they are born.

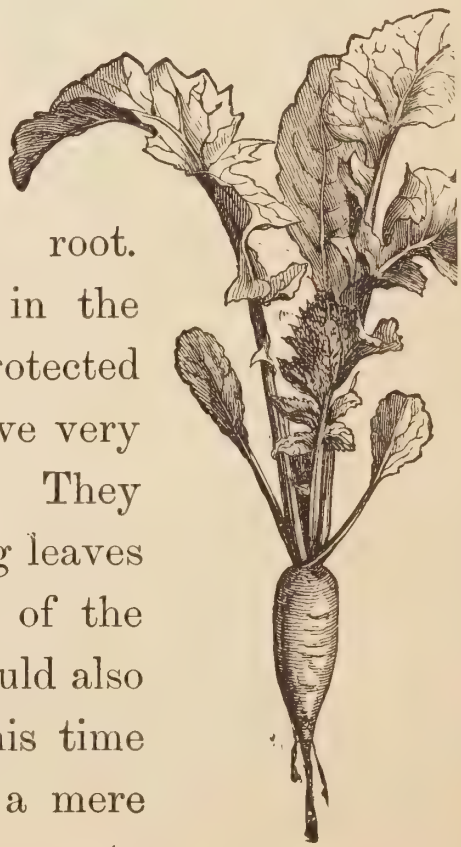
The potato is one of these savings banks, and has been formed for the sake of the plant's children. The mother plant manufactures starchy food during the summer, and packs it away under the ground in those big round tubers which we call potatoes. They are not roots, for when they are planted they put forth leaf buds, and act more like a kind of underground stem. If a potato is left in the cellar until spring, it



Turnip.

will throw out long white stems from its eyes. That potato is of no use for eating, for it is soft and shrivelled. Those stems have drawn out of it most of the saved-up food which the mother plant stored there.

The turnips, carrots, parsnips, and beets in the summer garden do not send up tall stems like the peas and beans, but they go on manufacturing food and storing it up in their thick, soft root. But if these plants were left in the ground all winter, and were protected from the frost, they would behave very differently the next summer. They would send up a tall stem bearing leaves of a different shape from those of the previous year, and later they would also bear flowers and seeds. By this time the thick fleshy root would be a mere shell, for all the plant's savings go to



Parsnip.

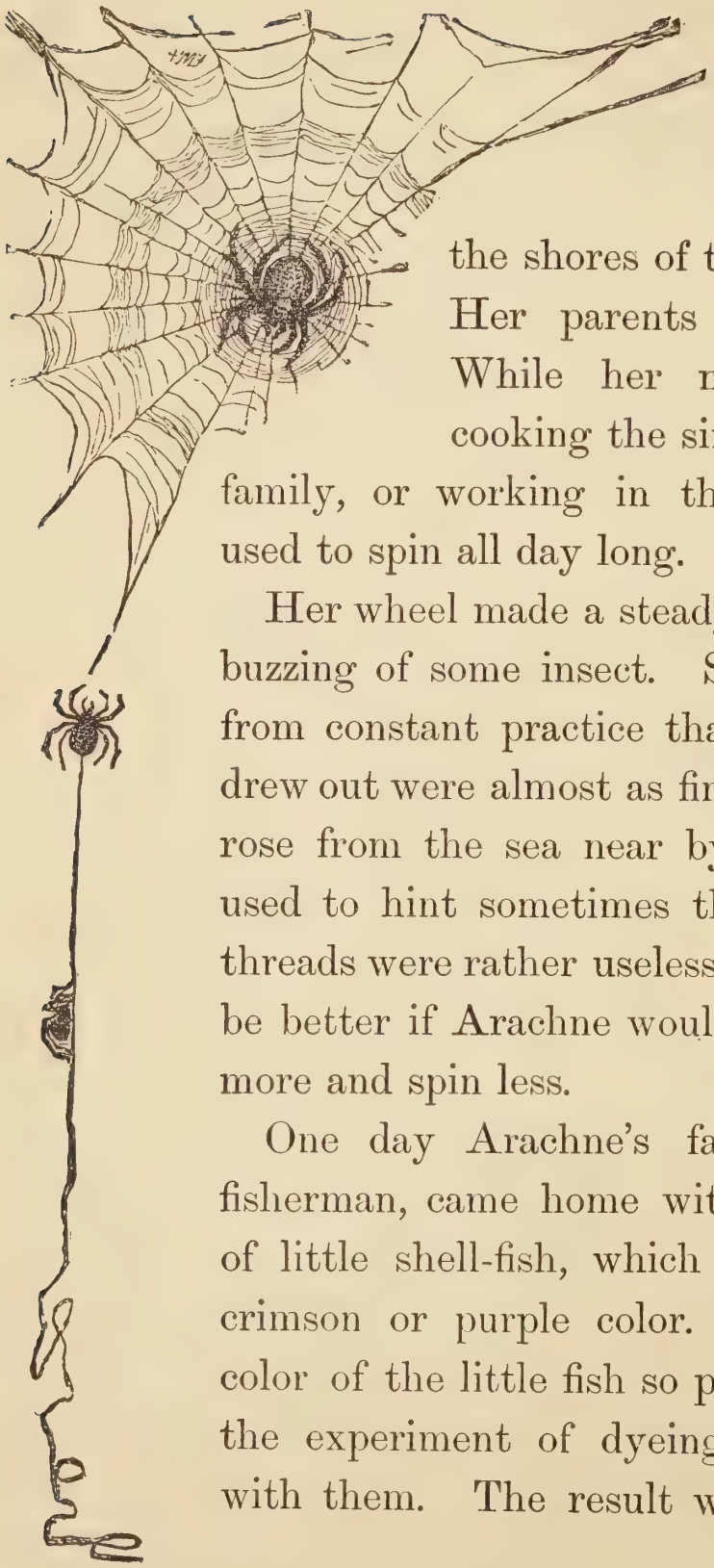
nourish the flower-stalk and the seeds, which we may call the children. After the seeds are formed the mother-plant withers and dies.

Some plants store up their savings in their leaves. The bulb of the onion is really built up of the thickened base of the leaves, each wrapped round those inside it. The cabbage, too, packs its leaves full of stored food and folds them tightly up into a ball, for the nourishment of next summer's flower-stalks.

Many of the common plants have a separate savings-bank account for each one of their children. Our peas and beans, wheat and other grains, arrange their savings in this way; so when each little seed comes to life it finds packed close beside it in its shell enough food to give it a good start in life.

Onion (section).

There is another wonderful thing about these savings banks. The part of each plant which contains the savings —whether it is the root, the underground tuber or bulb, the thickened leaves, or the seeds themselves—is the part which we use for our food. The plants which we grow as crops are those that have big stores in their savings banks; those that do not save are of little use.



ARACHNE.

Arachne lived in a small village on the shores of the Mediterranean. Her parents were very poor. While her mother was busy cooking the simple meals for the family, or working in the fields, Arachne used to spin all day long.

Her wheel made a steady whirring like the buzzing of some insect. She grew so skilful from constant practice that the threads she drew out were almost as fine as the mists that rose from the sea near by. The neighbors used to hint sometimes that such fine-spun threads were rather useless, and that it might be better if Arachne would help her mother more and spin less.

One day Arachne's father, who was a fisherman, came home with his baskets full of little shell-fish, which were of a bright crimson or purple color. He thought the color of the little fish so pretty that he tried the experiment of dyeing Arachne's wools with them. The result was the most vivid

hue that had ever been seen in any kind of woven fabric. This was the color which was afterward called Tyrian purple; or sometimes it was called royal purple, because kings liked to wear it.

After this Arachne's tapestries always showed some touch of the new color. They now found a ready sale, and, in fact, soon became famous.

Arachne's family changed their little cottage for a much larger house. Her mother had not to work in the fields any more, nor was her father any longer obliged to go out in his boat to catch fish.

Arachne herself became as famous as her tapestries. She heard admiring words on every side, and soon her head was a little turned by them. When, as often happened, people praised the beautiful color that had been produced by the little shell-fish, she did not tell how her father had helped her, but took all the credit to herself.

While she was weaving, a group of people often stood behind her loom, watching the pictures grow. One day she overheard some one say that even the great goddess Minerva, the patron goddess of spinning and weaving, could not weave more beautiful tapestries than this plain fisherman's daughter. This was a very foolish thing to say, but Arachne thought it was true. She heard another say that Arachne wove so beauti-

fully that she must have been taught by Minerva herself.

Now, the truth is that Minerva *had* taught Arachne. It was Minerva who had sent the little shell-fish to those coasts; and although she never allowed herself to be seen, she often stood behind the girl and guided her shuttle.

But Arachne, never having seen the goddess, thought she owed everything to herself alone, and began to boast of her skill. One day she said: "People say that I can weave quite as well as, if not better than, the goddess Minerva. I should like to have a weaving match with her, and then it would be seen which could do best."

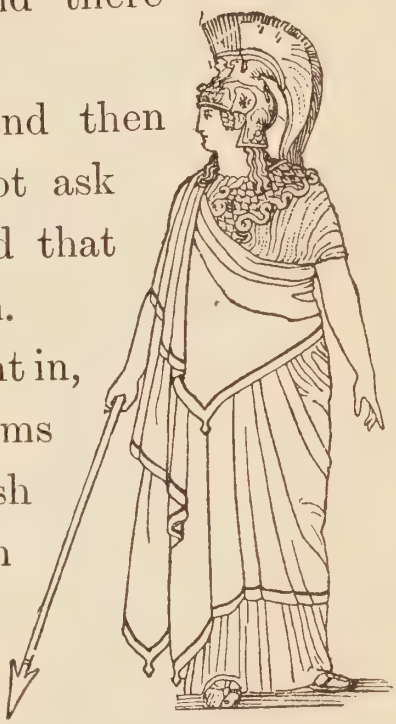
These wicked words had hardly left Arachne's mouth before she heard the sound of a crutch on the floor. Turning to look behind her, she saw a feeble old woman in a rusty gray cloak. The woman's eyes were as gray as her cloak, and strangely bright and clear for one so old. She leaned heavily on her crutch, and when she spoke her voice was cracked and weak.

"I am many years older than you," she said. "Take my advice. Ask Minerva's pardon for your ungrateful words. If you are truly sorry, she will forgive you."

Now Arachne had never been very respectful to old persons, particularly when they wore rusty cloaks, and she was very angry at being reproved by this one.

"Don't advise me," she said; "go and advise your own children. I shall say and do what I please."

At this an angry light came into the old woman's gray eyes; her crutch suddenly changed to a shining lance; she dropped her cloak; and there stood the goddess herself.



Arachne's face grew very red and then very white, but still she would not ask Minerva's pardon. Instead, she said that she was ready for the weaving match.

So two weaving-frames were brought in, and were attached to one of the beams overhead. Then Minerva and foolish Arachne stood side by side, and each began to weave a piece of tapestry.

As Minerva wove, her tapestry began to show pictures of mortals who had been foolhardy and boastful, like Arachne, and who had been punished by the gods. It was meant for a kindly warning to Arachne.

But Arachne would not heed the warning. She wove into her tapestry pictures representing certain foolish things that the gods of Olympus had done.

This was very disrespectful, and so displeased Minerva that, when Arachne's tapestry was finished, she tore it to pieces.

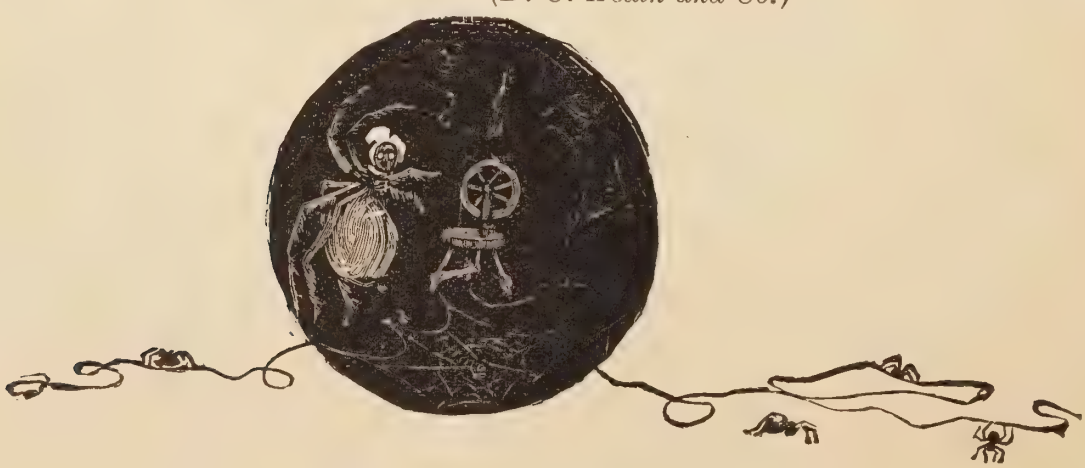
Arachne was frightened now, but it was too late. Minerva suddenly struck her on the forehead with her shuttle. Then Arachne shrank to a little creature no larger than one's thumb.

"Since you think yourself so very skilful in spinning and weaving," said Minerva, "you shall do nothing else but spin and weave all your life."

Upon this, Arachne in her new shape ran quickly into the first dark corner that she could find. She was now obliged to earn her living by spinning webs of exceeding fineness, in which she caught many flies, just as her father had caught fish in his nets. She was called the Spinner.

The children of this first little spinner have become very numerous; but their old name of spinner has been changed to that of spider, and their delicate webs, which are as mist-like as any of Arachne's weaving, often cover the grass on a morning when the day is to be fine.

From "Favorite Greek Myths," by LILIAN STOUGHTON HYDE.
(D. C. Heath and Co.)



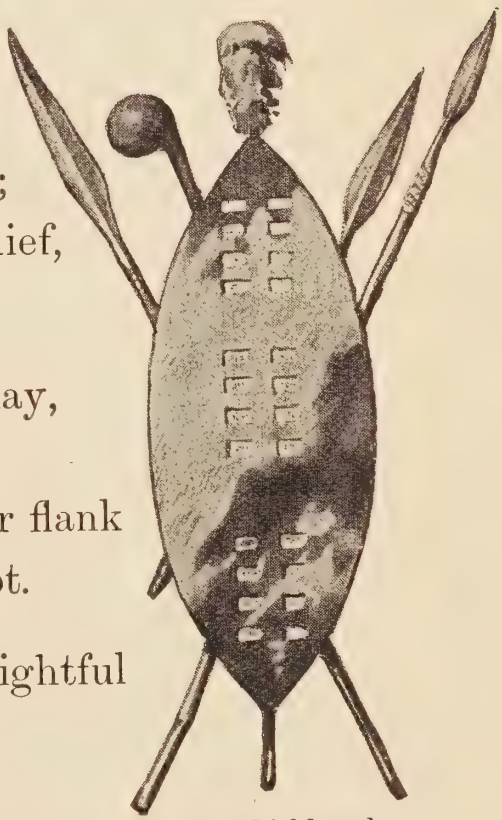
ZLOBANE.

As swayeth in the summer wind
The close and stalwart grain,
So moved the serried Zulu shields
That day on wild Zlobane—

The white shield of the husband,
Who hath twice need of life;
The black shield of the young chief,
Who hath not yet a wife.

Unrecking harm, the British lay,
Secure as if they slept,
While close on front and either flank
The live black crescent crept.

Then burst their wild and frightful cry
Upon the British ears,
With whir of bullets, glare of shields,
And flash of Zulu spears.



Zulu shield and weapons.

Uprose the British; in the shock
Reeled but an instant; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe,
And met their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn
In a more awful strife;
He had the soldier's steady nerve,
And calm disdain of life;

Yet now, half turning from the fray,
Knee smiting against knee,
He scanned the hills, if yet were left
An open way to flee.

Not for himself. His little son,
Scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows
Like tassels of the corn,

And lips yet curled in that sweet pout
Shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side, and silently
To his brave father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed,
And tossed the boy astride.
"Farewell!" he cried, "and for thy life
That way, my darling, ride!"

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy
Leapt lightly to the ground,
And smote the horse upon its flank,
That with a quivering bound

It sprang and galloped for the hills,
With one sonorous neigh;
The fire flashed where its spurning feet
Clanged o'er the stony way.

"Father, I'll die with you!" The sire,
As this he saw and heard,
Turned, and stood breathless in the joy
And pang that knows no word.

Once each, as do long-knitted friends,
Upon the other smiled,
And then—he had but time to give
A weapon to the child

Ere, leaping o'er the British dead,
The supple Zulus drew
The cruel assegais, and first
The younger hero slew.

Still grew the father's heart, his eye
Bright with unflickering flame:
Five Zulus bit the dust in death
By his unblenching aim.

Zulu warrior.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
He sank beside his child,
And they who found them say, in death
Each on the other smiled.

A YOUNG DRIVER'S MISTAKE.

Out in a fertile valley not far from a busy little town lived an old market gardener who, because he was known and loved by all in the neighborhood, went by the name of Grandfather Peter. The old man owned a dog and a horse. They were very useful to him, and Grandfather Peter, who had a kind heart, gave them the best of care. He built for the horse a stable near to his own little cottage, and housed the dog in a fine big kennel which was always kept clean and comfortable. The dog and the horse had in return a great love for their master, and showed it in many ways.

Dobbin, the horse, used to eat apples out of the old man's hand, and the dog would come into the little house on winter evenings and lie in front of the fire with his head against his master's knee.

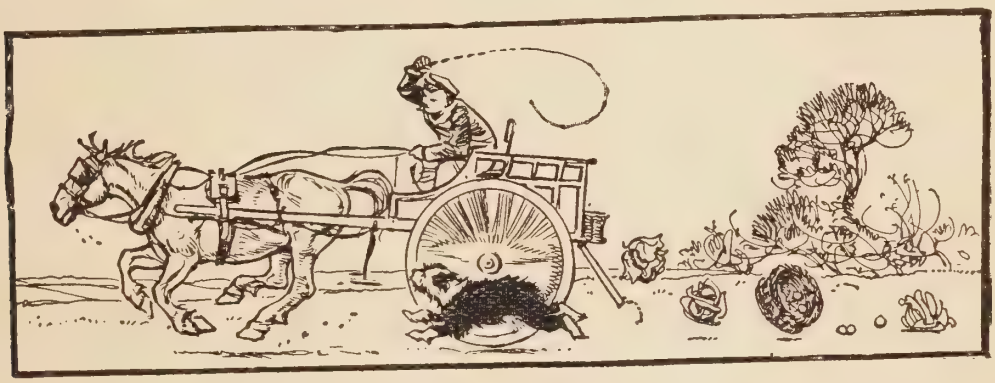
Now it happened that Grandfather Peter was getting old, and could not go to market to sell his fruit and vegetables so often as he used to do, and he said to himself, "This will not do. I must get some one to help me." So he sent for his grandson, young Peter, who was then just about fourteen, to come and live with him.

The first thing young Peter had to do when he came to live with his grandfather was to learn to drive. The old man used to drive the horse to market, and Carlo,

the dog, ran behind the cart in which were all the vegetables and fruit.

Young Peter, who sat beside his grandfather, noticed that, though old Peter had a whip, he never used it. When he wanted the horse to go faster, he spoke to him in a cheery voice, and urged him on. Young Peter thought that rather stupid.

"When I drive," he said to himself, "I'll give Dobbin a touch of the whip, and show him I know how to be master."



At last the day came when young Peter had to take the vegetables to market for the first time by himself. When he got out of sight of his grandfather he picked up the whip and gave poor Dobbin a cut with it.

Dobbin, unused to such treatment, started off at a gallop. That frightened young Peter a little, and he pulled him up sharply, tugging so hard at the bit that he hurt the horse's mouth.

Then he lashed him again with the whip, and laughed to see Dobbin tearing along the road at the top of his

speed. Poor Dobbin had never been treated like that before, and he grew scared and frightened, and began to shy at everything he saw, even the stones in the road.

Then Carlo, who could not make out what was happening, but feeling that something was wrong, ran from the back of the cart and began to bark, jumping up at Dobbin as he tore along.

Young Peter laughed.

"Oh! you want a touch of the whip too, do you?" he shouted, and caught Carlo across the back with a vicious cut, so that the poor animal crept round behind the cart with a howl of pain, and ran along with his head down and his tail between his legs, miserable and dejected.

The boy thought all this was fine fun.

"Old grandfather is too easy-going," he said to himself. "I'll make these lazy creatures work now that I'm here. It is jolly fun to scare them a bit. I'll make them afraid of me, and then they will do whatever I tell them."

By the time they got to market poor Dobbin was foaming at the mouth, and so tired he could hardly stand. Carlo came up behind the cart breathless and gasping, and dropped down on the ground quite tired out. The people crowded round asking what was the matter, and young Peter began to brag of how he had made Dobbin

go, and how he was going to show that he was master and could do as he liked with dumb brutes.

An old woman, who had been stroking and patting the horse, turned round suddenly and said, with a funny little smile on her lips, "But what have you come to market for, my lad?"

"To sell my grandfather's fruit and vegetables," said Peter, and he climbed up into the cart to show what he had.

Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

Young Peter stood there panting as hard as ever the horse and the dog had panted. In his desire to show his power over the animals, he had forgotten his cartload of market goods. All the vegetables and fruit had been thrown out upon the road. His cart was empty!

What laughter there was among the people who were crowding around! Poor foolish Peter stood shame-faced in their midst, wishing over and over that he had let Dobbin trot at his usual pace instead of making him run in that ridiculous way.

He drove slowly home, picking up what he could find of the fruit and vegetables, and wondering what his grandfather would say. When old Peter saw the sorrowful return, he held up his hands in astonishment.

In silence young Peter watched his grandfather take out the horse and look at his mouth, covered as it was with foam and blood. In silence he saw Carlo lick old Peter's hand and whine, as if he wanted to tell him all their troubles. In silence he watched old Peter groom down the horse, talking to him tenderly and soothingly, and with gentle hand removing the bit from the hurt mouth. Dobbin made a little whinnying

sound, as if he were trying to say, "Thank you, dear master."

As soon as Grandfather Peter had settled the animals comfortably, he led the boy into the house and asked him what had happened.

Then young Peter told him the whole story, and the old man shook his head slowly and solemnly.

"I see," he said, "that you are an ignorant boy, and do not yet know the only human language that dog and horse can understand."

"What is that?" asked young Peter in a low tone.

"The only language a dumb animal can really understand is that of kindness, my boy," said the old man. "Power over animals is a great thing, but the only real power is that which is gained through kindness and not through fear."

ALICE M. CHESTERTON.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old, and feeble, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were weary and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep;

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should knock her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back to his friends again he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand—

"If e'er she be poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

A STORY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

When Florence Nightingale was a very little girl, and living in a village in Derbyshire, everybody noticed how kind she was to other people and to animals. Every person and every animal loved her; she even made friends with the shy squirrels.

There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. One day Florence was out riding with a friend, and she saw Roger feeding his sheep. But Cap was not there, and the sheep were running about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask the shepherd what had become of his dog.

"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me. He will have to be killed."

"Killed!" said Florence. "O Roger, how wicked of you to say so! What has poor old Cap done?"

"*He* has done nothing," replied Roger; "but a cruel boy threw a stone at him yesterday, and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

Florence and her friend rode on to the shepherd's cottage, and went in to see the poor dog. When the little girl called him "poor Cap!" he began to wag his

tail. Then he crawled from under the table, and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while her friend examined the injured leg.

It was badly swollen, and it hurt him very much to have it touched; but though he moaned with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him, for he knew that it was meant kindly.

"It's only a bad bruise; no bones broken," said Florence's friend. "Rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" said Florence. "But can we do nothing for him? he seems in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to bathe his leg would both ease the pain and help to cure him."

Florence lighted the fire, got ready some hot water, and began to bathe the poor dog's leg. It was not long before he began to feel less pain, and he tried to show his thanks by his looks and by wagging his tail.

On their way back they met the old shepherd coming slowly homewards.

"O Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to lose poor old Cap. We have found that his leg is not broken after all."

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said the old man; "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap's leg, and she found it much better. The following day she bathed it again, and in two or three days the old dog was able to look after the flock again.

This happened many years ago, and that kind-hearted little girl grew up to be the kindest and bravest of women. She spent her youth in learning how to nurse the sick and how to manage hospitals.

During the Crimean War she went out at the head of a band of trained nurses to take care of our wounded soldiers, who were very badly off for want of proper care and good hospitals. She soon had ten thousand sick men to look after, and she could scarcely find time for rest or sleep. At one time her hard work made her very ill.

For many years after this she devoted herself to the

Florence Nightingale in her Hospital.

(*From a drawing made on the spot by W. Simpson, R.I.*)

improvement of the hospitals in England. She also established nursing homes, where the sick soldiers may be cared for until quite strong again. Her whole life was nobly spent in helping the sick, especially those who are poor.

She died on the 13th of August 1910, at her home in London. Her funeral was a quiet and simple one, as this had been her last wish. She lies beside her father and mother in the little churchyard at East Willows.

A public service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral at the hour of her funeral, which was attended by King George, Queen Mary, and the queen-mother Alexandra, and many hundreds of the people of London, who wished to show their respect for this noble woman.

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land—
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

THE COLORS OF THE FLAG.

WHAT is the blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempests dread
The guardian ships go forth.

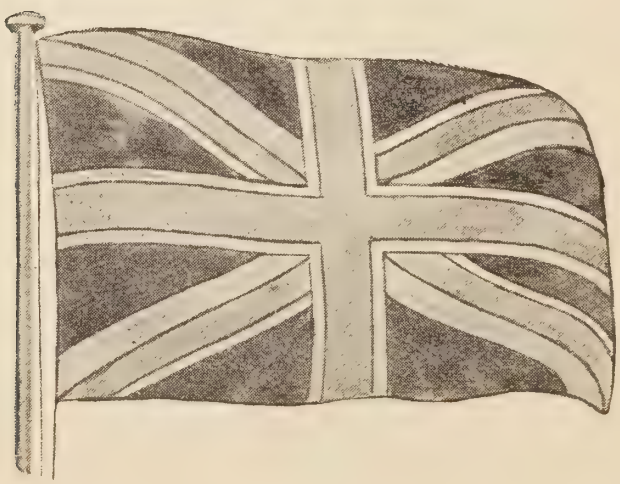
What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honor of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light,
And stands while the hills shall stand;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain
On the burning sands in the wild waste lands
And the froth of the purple main;

And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod
And the crest of the waves outrolled,
That He send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one—
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword,
And a bullet in heart or brain.
What matters one gone if the flag float on,
And Britain be lord of the main!

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.



THE FLAX.

The flax was in full bloom. It had pretty blue flowers, as fine as the wings of a moth. The sun shone on it, and the showers watered it; and this was as good for the flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mothers. They look much prettier for it.

"People say that I look very well," said the flax. "There is a good crop of me, and I am so fine and long that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How happy I am! It is so pleasant to know that something can be made of me! How the warm sunshine and the sweet rain cheer me! No one in the world can feel happier than I."

"Ah! just wait a little," said the fern; "you do not know the world so well as I do." And it sang quite sadly,—

"Snip, snap, snurrè,
Bassè lurrè,
The song is ended."

"No, it is not," said the flax. "To-morrow the sun

will shine and the rain will come again. I can feel myself growing. I feel that I am in full bloom. I am happier than anybody else in the world."

But one day some people took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots. It did not like that. Then they put it into water, as if they meant to drown it; and after that they held it over the fire, as if it were to be roasted. The flax thought this was really too bad. "But we cannot be happy always," it said, "and the more one goes through the more one learns."

Worse was still to come. The flax was steeped and broken, dried and combed. Indeed, it could hardly tell all that was done to it. At last it was put on the spinning-wheel. "*Whir, whir*" went the wheel, so fast that the flax had not time to gather its thoughts. "Well, I have been very happy," it said, "and my only joy now must lie in thinking of the past."

At last the flax was put on the loom, and soon became a piece of beautiful white linen.

"Well, I could never have thought that so much would be done for me. How strange that, after all I have gone through, I should be made into something useful at last! I am the luckiest being in the world. I am so strong, so fine, so white, and so long.

"This is indeed a change from being a mere plant and having flowers," said the flax, when it was laid out

to bleach. "Then no one looked after me, and I had no water unless it rained; but now I am waited upon and taken care of. The maid turns me over every morning, and every evening I have a shower-bath from the watering-pot. Yes, and even the parson's wife stopped to look at me, and said that I was the finest piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier than I am now."

After some time the linen was taken into the house. There it was cut and torn, and was then run through and through with the needle. That was not very pleasant; but at last it was made into twelve garments.

"See, now," said the flax. "I have indeed come to something. This, then, was what was to become of me. Now I am of some real use in the world, and that is as it should be."

Years passed away, and at length the linen became so worn that it could scarcely hold together. "We must part very soon," said the pieces to one another. "We would gladly have kept together a little longer, but of course that cannot be."

At length they were torn into rags, and they now thought it was indeed all over with them. The rags were steeped in water and torn into little pieces, till they became a pulp. They knew not what else was done to them, till all at once they found themselves beautiful white paper.

"Well, this is indeed splendid!" said the paper. "I am now fairer than ever, and who can tell what fine things I may have written upon me? I am very lucky." And sure enough the prettiest stories were written upon it, and only once was there a blot. Then some people heard the stories read, and it made them wiser and better.

"I never thought I should become like this," said the paper, "when I was only a little blue flower growing in the field. How could I think that I should be the means of bringing wisdom and joy to men all over the world?"

The paper itself, however, did not go out into the world. Hundreds of books were printed, each full of the stories that were written upon it, and many more people read the printed books than could have read the written paper.

"This is a splendid plan. I really did not think of this," said the paper. "I shall stay at home and be held in honor. These books will go out into the world, and will do much more good than I could have done."

Then the paper was tied up into a bundle with other papers, and was thrown into a tub which stood in the washhouse. "After work it is well to rest," said the paper. "Now I am able to gather my thoughts, and to know what I really am. What will be done to me next, I wonder?"

Story of the Flax.

Now it happened one day that all the paper in the tub was taken out and laid on the hearth. The children stood round the fire, for they wanted to see the paper burned. It flamed up so prettily, they said, and afterwards so many red sparks could be seen among the ashes, running one after another, here and there, as quick as the wind.

When the whole was on fire, the flames rose up into the air. "Now I am going straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flames. Then a number of tiny beings, as many as the flowers on the flax had been, but so small that they could not be seen by mortal eyes, floated above the burning paper.

"It is good fun," shouted the children, and they sang over the dead ashes,—

"Snip, snap, snurrè,
Bassè lurrè,
The song is ended."

Was all over? "No," whispered the little beings; "the most beautiful is yet to come!" But the children could not hear this, nor would they have understood it if they had heard it. It was as well that they did not, for children must not know everything.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"—
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer Night to see."

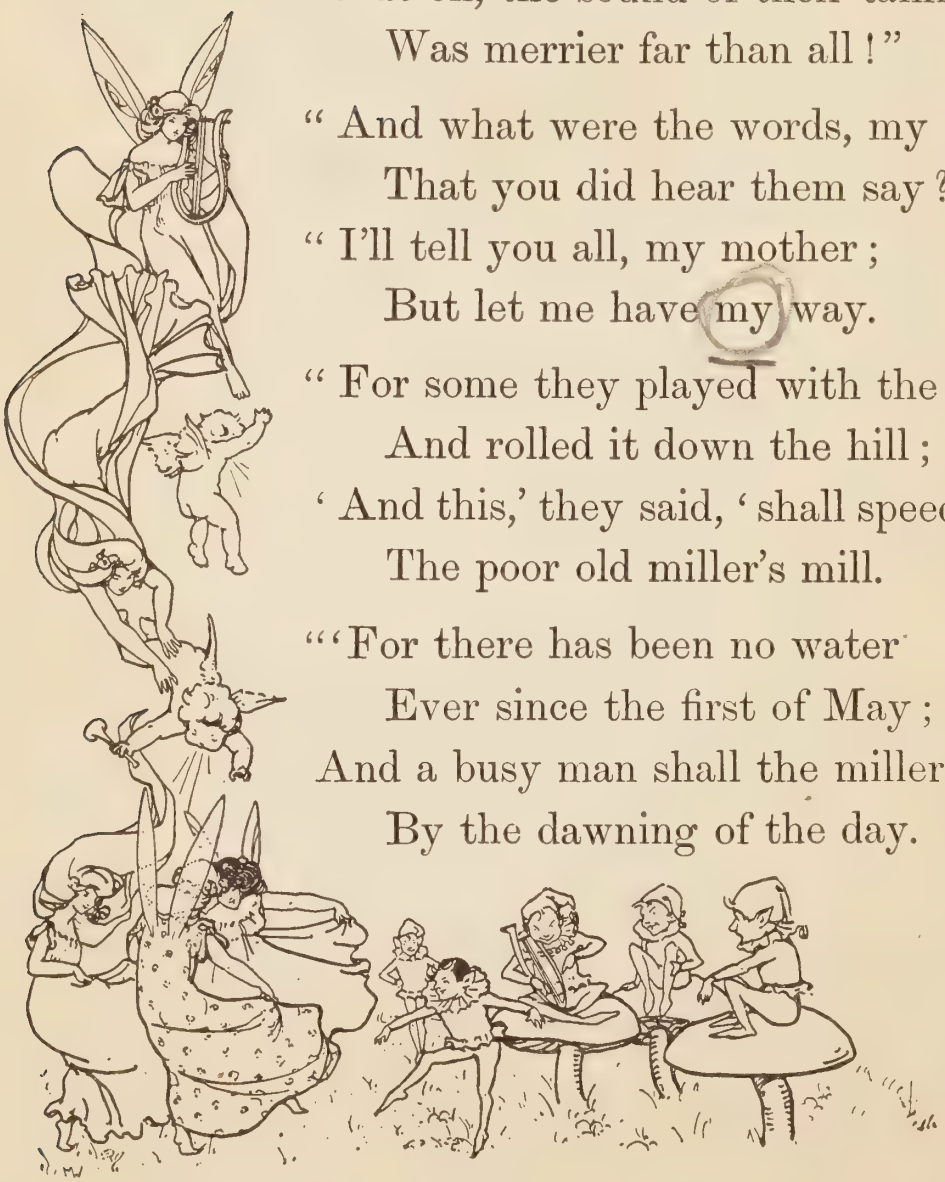
"And what did you see, my Mary,
All upon the Caldon-Low?"—
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All upon the Caldon Hill?"—
"I heard the drops of water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary,
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine.
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"



"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"—
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"For some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill.

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day.

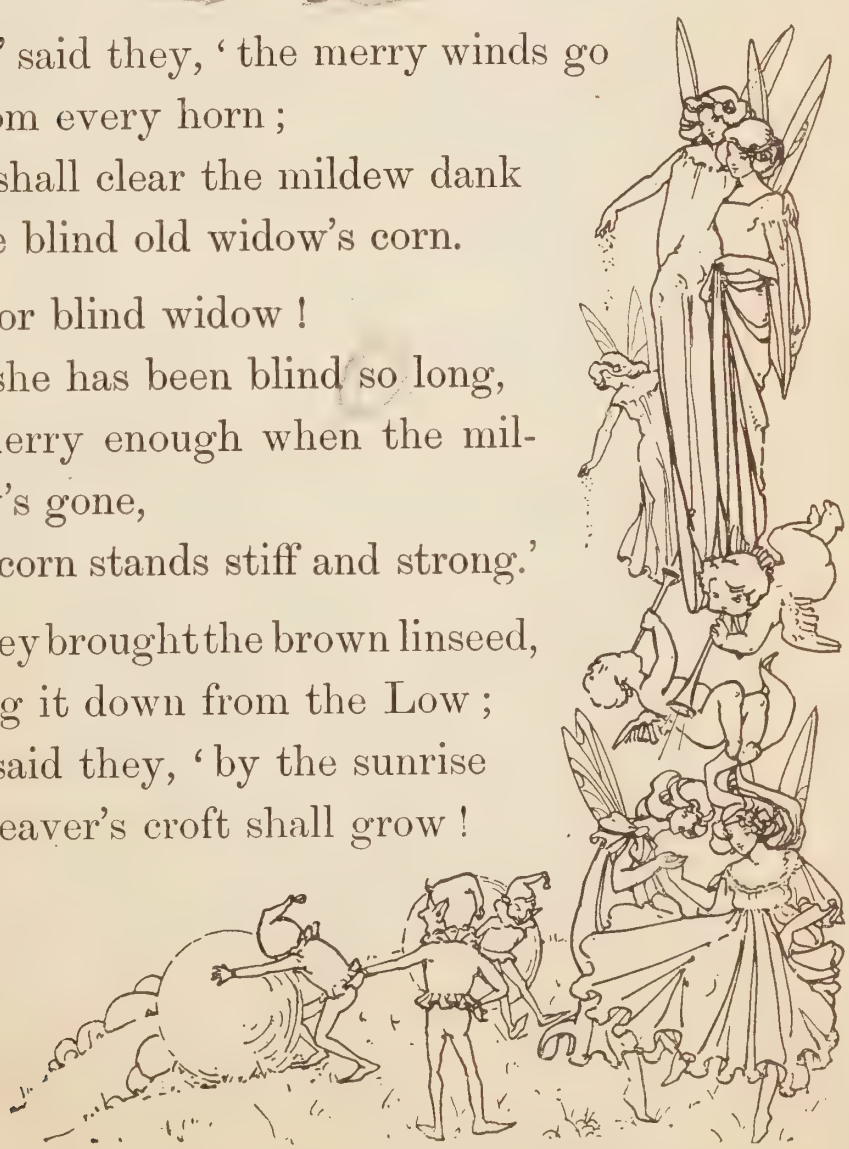
"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill.

"'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'Oh, the poor blind widow!
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown linseed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise
In the weaver's croft shall grow!



"'Oh, the poor lame weaver—
How will he laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then up spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin:
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!'

"And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed so loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon-Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But as I came down from the hilltop,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.

"The jolly old miller, how he will laugh!" (P. 101.)

" And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

" And down by the weaver's croft I stole
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate,
With the good news in his eye.

" Now, this is all that I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

Mary Howitt.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
" Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple—a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food.
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:—

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:—

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

THE WALLS OF SPARTA.

We often hear a boy or a man say, "He's a brick," when speaking of a companion whom he likes. It is not perhaps a very correct way of speaking, but no one would be offended at being spoken of in this way.

If we go back to the time when the expression was first used, we shall find that it had a very good meaning indeed, and a boy could have no better aim in life than to deserve that he should be called a "brick."

An old Greek writer tells us that, on one occasion, the famous city of Sparta was visited by an ambassador from another kingdom in the north of Greece. Now the Spartans, as you may have heard, were the bravest of all the Greeks.

Every man was a soldier. They lived in a plain and simple fashion at home, as soldiers must do when they are in camp, and their city was without any of the fine buildings and statues which were common in other Greek towns.

Greek soldier.

Now this ambassador knew that the King of Sparta was really master of all Greece, so he had expected to find the towns surrounded by massive walls and lofty towers of defence. But he was very much surprised to find nothing of the kind.

He spoke of this to the king.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns of your kingdom, and I find no walls built for defence against an enemy. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied the king, "you cannot have looked very carefully. Come with me to-morrow, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out to the plain before the city, where the whole Spartan army was drawn up in battle array. Then pointing proudly to his soldiers, he exclaimed, "Behold the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!"

You will find many stories about the Spartans and their heroic deeds, which show how well they deserved the name of "bricks." One of the best is the story of how a small band of three hundred Spartans, and about five thousand other Greeks, stood for two days at the entrance of a narrow pass and stopped the march of the King of Persia with a vast army, probably about three millions of men.

Persian.

When the Persians drew near, they found the Spartans engaged, some in games, and others in dressing their long hair. This was their usual custom before risking their lives in battle.

The Persian heralds rode up to the Greeks and commanded them to deliver up their arms to the great king. "Let him come and take them," was the answer. The heralds said that the number of Persians was so great that their arrows would darken the light of the sun.

"So much the better; for then we shall fight in the shade," replied the Spartans.

For two days they held the pass against the Persian host. And when at last they were surrounded, and there was no hope left, most of the other Greeks escaped over the mountains. The Spartans alone refused to flee, and fell fighting to the last on the ground they had held so nobly. There we may still see the ruined tomb of their brave leader Leonidas.

MODERN SPARTA.

The Wounded Hound—*R. Ansdell.*

THE GOOD SWORD EXCALIBUR.

Soon after the crowning of King Arthur, he was journeying through the land with Merlin, the wise old magician, when they met a knight who challenged Arthur to a combat. The two fought, and at last the knight wounded Arthur severely. In the end the king was victorious, but he had lost so much blood that he could go no farther. Merlin took him to a good hermit, who healed his wound in three days. Then the king departed with Merlin, and as they were slowly riding along he said,—

"I am still weak from the blood I have lost, and my sword is broken."

"Do not fear," said Merlin. "You shall lose no more blood, and you shall have a good sword. Ride on trustfully with me."

They rode in silence until they came to a lake, large and quiet, and as beautiful in color as a pearl. While Arthur was looking at its beauty, he became suddenly aware of three tall women, with fair, sweet faces, standing on the bank.

"Who are they?" the king asked.

"Three queens who shall help you at your worst

need," answered Merlin. "Now look out upon the lake again."

Arthur turned his eyes upon the lake, and saw that in the distance a slight mist had arisen. Through it the figure of a lady glided over the surface of the water. Her robe appeared to be made of waves which streamed away in flowing curves from her body. Her head and shoulders seemed wrapped in foam tinted with the colors of the rainbow, and her arms glittered with sparkles which came from bubbles of water. She was so wonderful that Arthur looked at her for some time before he asked softly,—

Merlin.

"Who is she?"

"She is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. "She lives in a rock in the middle of the lake. See, she is coming toward us. Look at what is beyond her in the water."

Arthur looked, and saw rising above the surface of the water an arm clothed in pure white. This arm held a huge cross-hilted sword, so brilliant that Arthur's eyes were dazzled.

When the Lady of the Lake approached nearer, he said,—

"Damsel, what sword is that? I wish it were mine, for I have none."

The lady smiled, saying,—

"Step into yonder boat, row to the sword, and take it, together with the scabbard."

So Arthur entered a little boat that was tied to the shore, and rowed out to the sword. As he took it and the scabbard, all gleaming with jewels, the hand and arm vanished into the water. And when Arthur looked about, the three queens and the Lady of the Lake were also gone.

As Arthur, still gazing at the sword, rowed to shore, Merlin said to him,—

"My lord Arthur, which pleases you more—sword or scabbard?"

"In truth the sword," replied the king.

"Let me assure you," said Merlin, smiling gravely, "that the scabbard is worth ten of the sword. While you have it with you you shall never lose blood—no, no matter how sorely you are wounded. See that you guard it well."

The king, who was looking at the sword, sighed.

"There is writing on the sword," he said.

"True, my lord; written in the oldest tongue in the world."

"'*Take me*' on one side," said Arthur, "and '*Cast me away*' on the other. I am glad to take the sword, but it saddens me to think of casting it away."

Merlin's face grew sad too. He was so wise that he knew what was going to happen in the future, and he was well aware that when the time came to cast the sword away, much evil would have befallen the good King Arthur. But he knew that the time was yet very far off, so he said,—

"You have taken the sword. Now use it to make justice and right prevail in all the land. Do not think of casting it away until you must."

Arthur grew joyful again as he felt the strength of the good sword in his hand, and the two rode cheerfully forward through the country.

From "King Arthur and his Knights,"
by permission of Rand, M'Nally, and Co.

STORM SONG.

The clouds are scudding across the moon,
A misty light is on the sea,
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar;
Thank God, He has given us broad sea-room,
A thousand miles from shore.

Down with the hatches on those who sleep!
The wild and whistling deck have we;
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep
While the tempest is on the sea!

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,
And the naked spars be snapped away,
Lashed to the helm we'll drive our ship
In the teeth of the whelming spray!

Hark, how the surges o'erleap the deck!
  Hark, how the pitiless tempest raves!
Ah! daylight will look upon many a wreck
  Drifting over the desert waves.

Yet courage, brothers! we trust the wave,
  With God above us our guiding chart;
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,
  Be it still with a cheery heart!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

TOM, THE WATER-BABY.

ONE day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly had eaten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright.

The gnats danced a foot over his head quite happily, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose and began washing his own face and combing his hair with his paws. But the dragon-fly never stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water.

Suddenly Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream. He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as

strange as the noise—a great ball rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass. Yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away into pieces, and then it joined again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

Tom asked the dragon-fly what it could be; but, of course, with his short sight he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So Tom set off to

see for himself; and when he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five beautiful otters, many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, and rolling and diving, and twisting and scratching in the most charming fashion that ever was seen.

But when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language sharply enough, "Quick, children; here is something to eat, indeed!" and came at poor Tom, showing such a

wicked pair of eyes and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth, that Tom, who had thought her very handsome, said to himself, "Handsome is that handsome does," and slipped in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned around and laughed at her.

"Come out," said the wicked old otter, "or it will be the worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might.

"Come away, children," said the otter. "It is not worth eating, after all; it is only an eft, which nothing eats."

"I am not an eft!" said Tom; "efts have tails."

"You are an eft," said the otter. "I see your two hands quite plainly, and I know that you have a tail."

"I tell you I have not," said Tom. "Look here!" and he turned his pretty little self quite round; and sure enough, he had no more tail than you have.

The otter might have got out of it by saying that Tom was a frog; but, like a great many other people, when she had once said a thing she stood to it, right or wrong.

"I say you are an eft," said the otter, "and therefore you are, and not fit food for gentlefolk like me and my

children; you may stay there till the salmon eat you." She knew the salmon would not, but she wished to frighten poor Tom.

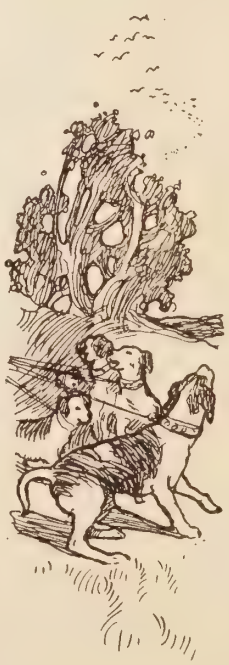
"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft; great fish, nice to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are lords of the salmon;" and she laughed again. "They are coming soon, children, coming soon; I can smell the rain coming up off the sea. Then hurrah for fresh salmon and plenty of eating all day long!"

The otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"And where do they come from?" asked Tom.

"Out of the sea, eft—the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked."



Then the otter sailed away down the brook, and Tom saw her no more for that time. And lucky it was for her that she did so; for no sooner was she gone than down the bank came seven little rough terrier dogs, snuffing and yapping, grubbing and splashing, in full cry after the otter.

Tom hid among the water-lilies till they were gone; for he could not guess that they were the water-fairies come to help

him. But he could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. As he thought, he longed to go and see them. He could not tell why, but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived, and with all his companions. He wished to get out into the wide, wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

Once he set off to go down the stream, but the stream was very low; and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep under. So the sun burned his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

Then on the evening of a very hot day he saw a wonderful sight. He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout; for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water, but lay dozing on the bottom, under the shade of the stones. Tom lay dozing too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth, cool sides, for the water was warm and unpleasant.

Towards evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying across the valley above his head. He felt not quite frightened, but sat very still, for everything was still. There was

not a whisper of wind nor a chirp of a bird to be heard. Next a few raindrops fell into the water. One hit Tom on the nose, and made him pop his head down quickly enough. Then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed from cloud to cloud and cliff to cliff, till the very rocks in the stream seemed to shake.

Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he had ever seen in his life. But out of the water he dared not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketfuls, and the hail fell like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam. Soon the stream rose and rushed down, higher and higher, full of beetles and sticks and straws. Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not hide; out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way, swimming about with great worms in their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other.

By the flashes of lightning Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all downstream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in cracks of the rocks and in burrows in the mud. Tom had hardly ever seen

them except now and then at night; but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened.

As they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, "We must hurry! we must hurry! What a jolly thunderstorm! Down to the sea! down to the sea!"

Then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves.

She spied Tom as she came by, and said, "Now is your time, eft, if you wish to see the world.—Come along, children, never mind those eels; we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea! down to the sea!"

Then came a flash brighter than all the rest, and by the light of it—in the thousandth part of a second they were gone again; but he had seen them, he was certain of it—three beautiful little white girls, with their arms twined round each other's necks, floating down the torrent, as they sang, "Down to the sea! down to the sea!"

"Oh, stay—wait for me!" cried Tom; but they were gone. Yet he could hear their voices clear and sweet through the roar of thunder and water and wind, singing as they died away, "Down to the sea!"

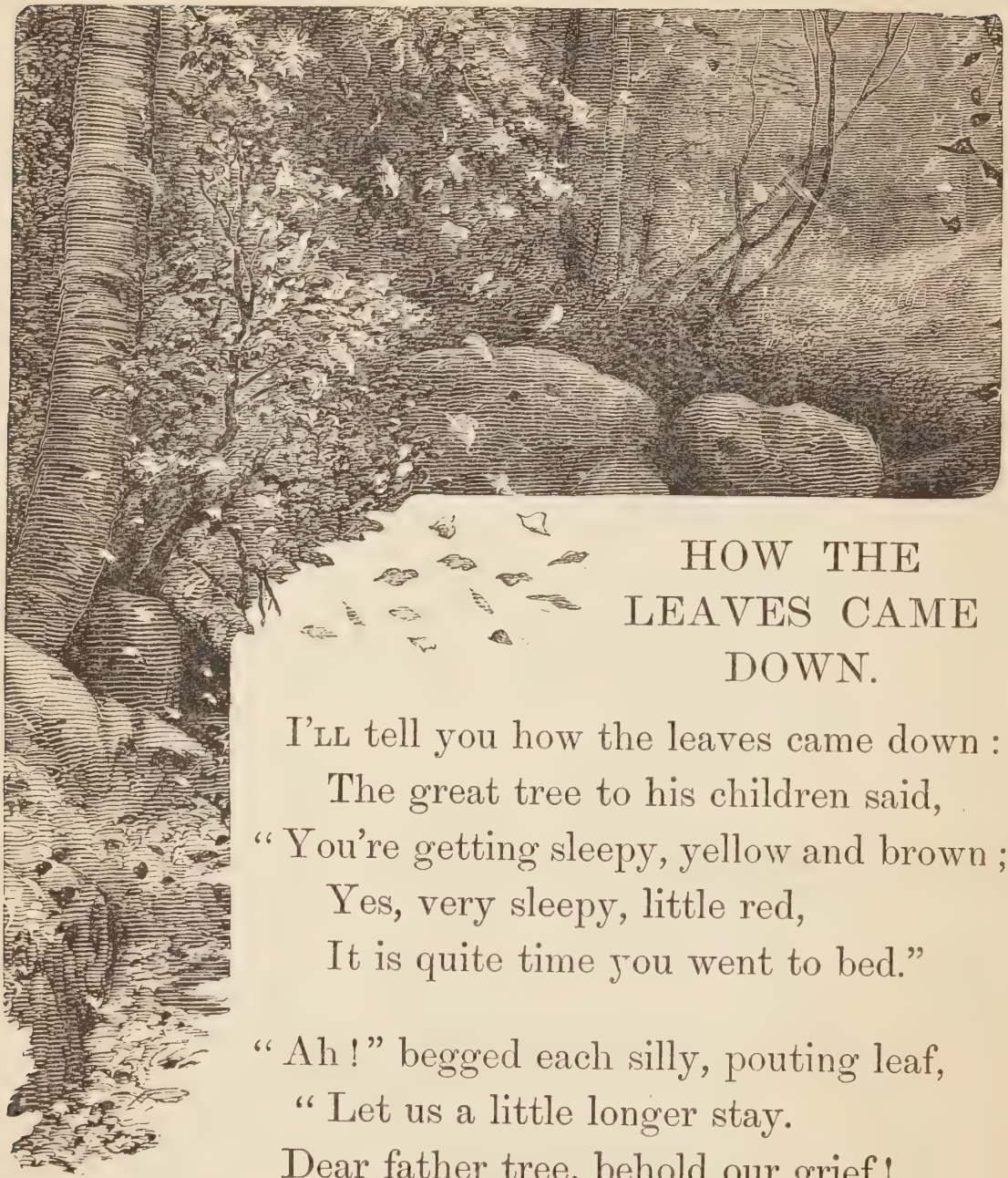
"Down to the sea?" said Tom. "Everything is

going to the sea, and I shall go too. — Good-bye, trout."

Now down the rushing stream he went, guided by the bright flashes of the storm; past tall birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day, and the next were dark as night.

Past dark coves under the banks, from which great trout rushed out on Tom, thinking him to be good to eat; but turned back quickly, for the fairies sent them home again with a scolding for daring to meddle with a water-baby. Along deep reaches, where the white water-lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail; past sleeping villages; under dark bridges, and away and away to the sea. Tom could not stop, and did not care to stop; he would see the great world below, and the salmon, and the breakers, and the wide, wide sea.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.
(*Adapted.*)



HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

I'LL tell you how the leaves came down :
The great tree to his children said,
" You're getting sleepy, yellow and brown ;
Yes, very sleepy, little red,
It is quite time you went to bed."

" Ah ! " begged each silly, pouting leaf,
" Let us a little longer stay.
Dear father tree, behold our grief !
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among,—

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret."
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed!" he cried,
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them on the ground; they lay
Red and golden, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
With bed-clothes heaped upon his arm,
Should come and wrap them soft and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night! dear little ones," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed."

SUSAN B. COOLIDGE.

THE SILK SPINNER.

WHERE does it come from? How is it made? Do we ever ask ourselves these questions as we admire the shining lengths of pretty ribbon in the shop windows, or smooth the folds of a rustling, shimmering silken gown? Every dainty thread in the ribbon and gown could tell a wonderful story, and that story would begin with a tiny ashy-white moth which lives in a country where the mulberry tree grows.

Silkworm moths.

This little creature, which looks much like a small butterfly, has a very short life, but before it dies it lays about five hundred eggs. These eggs are hatched in warm, safe places, and out of each comes a tiny grub or caterpillar about one-eighth of an inch long and no thicker than a thread. This baby worm from the beginning of its life shows signs of being very lively and exceedingly greedy. So much does it eat and so fast does it grow that there is a noticeable difference in its size when it is two hours old.

From the time it is hatched the little grub's home is in a frame fastened to the wall of a large room in a factory. Its food consists of mulberry leaves, and during the first four weeks of its life it eats a great many. To supply

ten thousand of these little worms with food keeps one person constantly busy, and the sound of their greedy munching is like the soft pattering of rain.

Silkworm caterpillar.

Nature provides the silkworm with a new suit each week until it is four weeks old, and by that time it is full grown, being about three inches long and as thick as your finger.

Now its appetite begins to fail, and its body shrinks in size. The keeper, seeing this, knows that it is time to provide a new home for the restless little creature. Branches and twigs of the mulberry are brought in and fastened in front of the frame. The worm leaves the feeding tray for one of the twigs, and begins at once to spin its cocoon.

On the lower lip of the silkworm there are two small openings from which it squeezes out a gummy substance that hardens in the air into a fine double fibre of yellowish silk. It suspends itself by a number of these strong threads, doubles itself up with its legs outward, and begins the work of spinning. With a deft motion of its head the worm throws the thread around its body from head to tail, until it is entirely covered

by the silken strand. The silkworm goes on spinning inside this beautiful case until it has spun out of the substance of its body a thread over two miles long.

If the cocoon were left for two weeks a full-grown moth would then eat its way out, but in so doing it would ruin the fibre for our use; so just at the proper time the cocoons are gathered, and are put into an oven. The heat destroys the little tenant, but preserves the dainty silken lodging-house.

From the oven the cocoons are taken to the reelers, who throw them into warm soapy water to dissolve the gum which holds the fibres together. When the outer covering of floss is brushed off the real silk appears, and the end of the thread can be found. Four or five cocoons are unwound together, and after several fibres have been wound into a single thread upon the reels, the silk is dried, tied together by hanks, and separated into larger skeins of about twenty thousand yards. This is the raw silk that comes to the great factories in bales, to be woven and dyed and made into all kinds of lovely silk fabrics for the market.

The silkworm thrives best in countries where the mulberry tree flourishes, and so it is in Italy, France, China, and Japan that most of the raw silk is produced. In the towns on Lake Como, in Italy, hundreds of women and girls are employed in the spinning and weaving of silk.

Silk Manufacture in Italy.

JIMMY AND THE TOADS.

Coming along our street the other day, I saw three little boys stoning a toad. Before I could speak, Professor Selton came by, and said,—

"Why, Jimmy, what have you there? A common toad? Just what I want to-morrow for my lecture," and he carefully picked up the toad. "By the way," he added, "to-morrow I shall need some help with my toads. Can't you three come down to my classroom and help me?"

I never saw Jimmy look more surprised, but he managed to say he could, while the others barely nodded. "The work is easy," the professor said. "Come to my room at a quarter before three, sharp, and I'll tell you what to do."

I was disappointed that he did not speak to the boys about their cruelty, but decided that he thought it better to wait until he should have them alone.

When I went to the lecture next day I expected to meet those boys coming out of Professor Selton's room looking so ashamed and so sorry and—well, looking as if they never wanted to see a toad again. Surely Professor Selton, fond as he was of toads, would talk to them, I thought.

The first thing I did see when I entered the building

was those same boys; not, however, hurrying out by the side door, but in a little procession entering the lecture-room, and, yes, actually mounting the platform! Professor Selton himself was at the head of the line! Each boy carried in his hands a large box made of glass and wire-netting. Every box had a toad in it, and each boy put his box on the table and took a chair which Professor Selton placed in front of the box.

I could not see that the boys were the least help: they watched the toads, to be sure, but what was the use of doing that? The toads couldn't get out. Just as Professor Selton was ready to begin his lecture, his assistant came in with an insect-net and two small boxes. The end of the insect-net was black with flies, which he emptied into Jimmy's box. Lifting the glass top off each of the others, he put in something from the pasteboard boxes, but I could not see what it was.

Professor Selton told us a great many interesting things about toads, but those boys simply sat and stared at their toads. Jimmy Ashley looked up only once, and that was when the professor said something I could hardly believe. "If housekeepers would keep tame toads," he said, "they would do away with their endless

bother about flies. Toads are better than all the fly-papers and insect powders ever invented."

Very soon after saying that, he closed his lecture and turned to the table. "These boys," he said to the class, "have been keeping count of what their toads have eaten during the hour. Johnny's toad has potato-grubs in the box.—How many has he eaten, Johnny?"

"Not any," answered Johnny despondently.

"Tom's has elm-beetles; what is his record?"

"Twenty-eight," was the reply.

"And Jimmy's has flies.—Has he eaten a good many?"

"Sixty-six," said Jimmy triumphantly.

Then Jimmy got up and sidled over to the professor.

"He ate something else," he said in a loud, impressive whisper: "he ate his skin!"

"When?—this last hour? Why didn't you tell us what he was doing?" asked the professor eagerly.

"I couldn't stop," Jimmy answered; "I was afraid I'd lose a fly."

The professor looked a bit disappointed; then he laughed.

"Never mind," he said. "You have seen something that perhaps none of the class have ever seen or ever will see. Tell us about it."

"It wasn't much," said Jimmy. "His old skin

began to crack—began right on the back of his head—and it cracked all down his back, and then it came off."

"In strips?" asked the professor; "or was it in little pieces?"

"Oh no; like—like—like a glove," said Jimmy. "Then he rolled it up and swallowed it."

The children were listening eagerly.

"That's all right," said the professor. "It is just what toads do. When they outgrow a suit they take it off and pack it away in that easy fashion."

Then he wrote on the blackboard the records, and for Jimmy's toad he wrote :—

66 Flies.

1 Spring Suit.

Everybody laughed, even Jimmy.

As I was leaving the lecture-room, I heard Jimmy ask the professor how to keep tame toads.

"The best way, I think," said Professor Selton, "would be to take a piece of wire-screen cloth and roll it to make a circular pen about a foot and a half across and of the same height. You'll have to be careful about food and a bathing-place, you know," added the professor.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy; "but all that wouldn't be much bother, I think. May I take the toad with the summer suit on? I'll take good care of him, and bring him over whenever you want him."

THE UNION JACK.

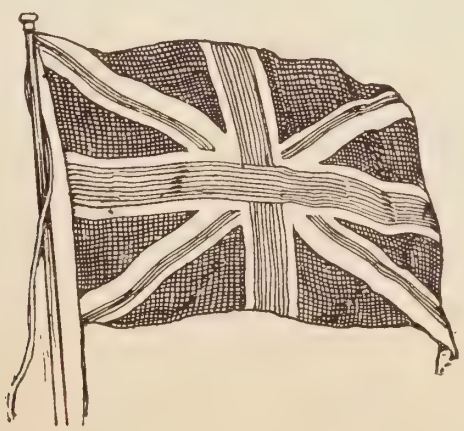
'Tis thy flag and my flag, the best of flags on earth;
Oh, cherish it, my children, for 'tis yours by right of birth.

Your fathers fought, your fathers died, to rear it to the sky;
And we, like them, will never yield, but keep it flying high.

'Tis thy flag and my flag—across the ocean wide
Our kinsmen look upon it with a thrill of love and pride;
It speaks to them in distant lands, wherever they may roam,
Of honour, faith, and freedom bright; of Country, King, and "Home."

'Tis thy flag and my flag; dark millions own its sway,
And know that 'neath its ample folds their night is turned to day.
With us they join in heartfelt prayer, ascending to the sky,
That God will bless the dear old flag, and keep it flying high.

E. S.



Mother and Daughter.

BLACK BEAUTY'S BREAKING IN.

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome. My master would not sell me until I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses, until they were grown up.

When I was four years old Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down, and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him. He seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt; and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I shall describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way his rider wishes, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a wagon fixed behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot

without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own, but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is that, when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had, of course, long been used to the halter and the headstall, and to be led about in the fields and lanes quietly; but now I was to have a bit and bridle. My master gave me some oats, as usual, and after a great deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth and the bridle fixed; but it was a nasty thing!

Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels—a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of one's mouth, and held fast there by straps over one's head, under one's throat, round one's nose, and under one's chin, so that no way in the world can one get rid of the nasty, hard thing. It is very bad — yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when

they were grown up. And so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle; but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, whilst the old workman held my head. He then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time. Then I had a few oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day, until I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back, and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes. My master went with me to the smith's forge to see that I was not hurt. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs until he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly fixed. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I became used to it.

And now, having come so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff, heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side pieces against my eyes, called blinkers; and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me. Next, there was a small saddle with an ugly, stiff strap that went right under my tail: that was the crupper. I hated the crupper; to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking; but, of course, I could not kick such a good master. And so in time I became used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them. I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the fence which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance. And before I knew whence it came, with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke, a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could

"A long black train of something flew by."

draw my breath. I turned, and galloped to the other side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear.

In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful whistle and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful; but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, dreadful thing came puffing and groaning past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the

cows and sheep did. Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam-engine; but, thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now, if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

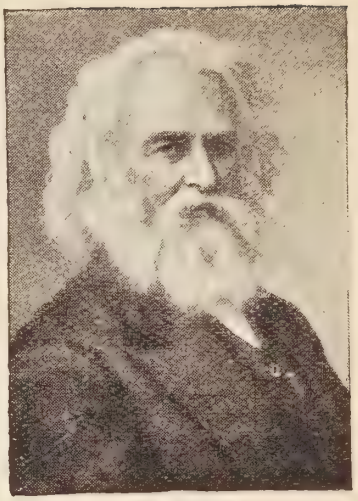
My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady, and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me that the better I behaved the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master.

"But," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men. There are good, thoughtful men, like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; but there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or a dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think. These spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they do not mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him or who may drive him—it is all a chance for us; but still I say, Do your best wherever you are, and keep up your good name."

ANNA SEWELL.

From "Black Beauty," by permission of Jarrold and Sons.

DAYBREAK.



H. W. Longfellow.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

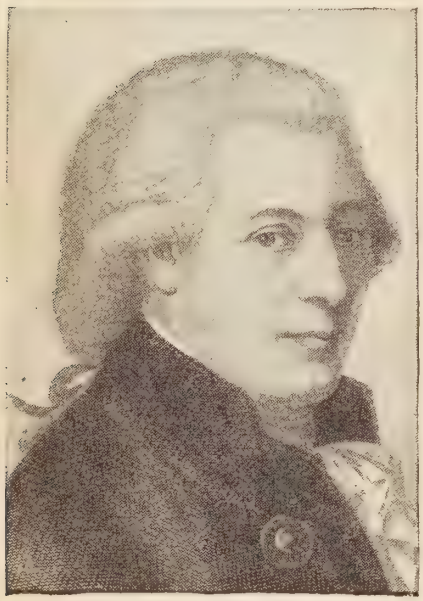
It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BOY MUSICIAN.

THERE was a time, long ago, when people believed that fairies hovered over a sleeping babe and gave to the little one the charm of beauty, or the joy of strength, or the power of genius.

If this were true, then fairies must have visited the cradle of little Wolfgang Mozart. We might easily believe that one of them said, "I will give thee a loving heart;" and that another whispered, "Thou shalt delight in sweet sounds; music shall be thy language."



Mozart.

The little Mozart lived in Germany more than a hundred years ago. His father was a musician, and his sister, Anna, had already made rapid progress in music. At all her lessons the baby brother was an interested listener, and he often amused himself in trying to repeat the exercises he had heard. Before he was four years old he began to compose music. His little pieces were written for him by his father, in a book which was kept for that purpose.

One Sunday the father came home from church, and found Wolfgang at a table busy over a piece of paper.

His fat little hand grasped the pen with much firmness, and at every visit to the ink-bottle he plunged it to the very bottom. The paper was very badly blotted with ink, but the baby composer calmly wiped away the blots with his finger and wrote over them.

"What are you doing there?" asked his father.

"Writing a piece of music for the piano," replied Wolfgang.

"Let me see it."

"No, no; it is not ready."

The father took up the paper, and laughed at the big blots, and the notes which were scarcely readable. But upon looking over the work more carefully, he saw that it was written according to rule, and that it was a wonderful composition for so young a child.

The father now gave all his time to the education of his two children. They progressed so rapidly that they were a marvel to their native town. When Anna was ten years old and Wolfgang six, they were taken by their father and mother to Vienna, and there the emperor listened to their music. The courtiers and the royal family praised the gifted children and filled their hands with costly presents.

Soon after their return home, a noted violinist called to ask Herr Mozart's opinion of some new music. As they were about to practise the different parts, little Wolfgang begged to play second violin.

"You cannot join our rehearsal," said his father; "you have had no instruction on the violin."

"I do not need any lessons to play second violin," the boy persisted.

"Run away, and do not disturb us," was the father's reply; and the little boy walked out of the room, crying bitterly. The visitor begged that the child be permitted to play with him, and Wolfgang was called back.

"Play then," said the father; "but play very softly."

The child was comforted. He brushed away his tears and began playing, softly at first, as he had been commanded; then he forgot everything but the notes before him, and the music swelled higher and higher. All were amazed, and tears of gladness stood in the father's eyes.

Another concert tour was planned, and Wolfgang and his sister travelled with their parents from city to city, giving concerts at the courts of kings. Great crowds went to hear them, and everywhere they were greeted with enthusiasm and delight.

When Wolfgang was eleven years old, he went to Italy to study music. The fair, slender lad was looked upon as a marvel by the Italian musicians. The father and son reached Rome at the time of the great Easter festival. A beautiful piece of music had been set apart as sacred to this yearly service. For two hundred years it had been carefully guarded, and all musicians were forbidden

to copy it. Wolfgang listened intently; and when he came again the next day to the church, he brought with him a folded paper on which he had written from memory the whole of the sacred music.

"Truly such wonderful gifts come from Heaven!" said the priests, in awe and admiration.

Mozart remained for nearly two years in Italy, studying with the finest musicians and hearing the best music. After his return to his native land, he continued his musical studies and gave his whole life to his art.

It seems almost impossible that the boy, who in his early years received such honors, should in his manhood meet poverty and neglect. Such was Mozart's sad fortune, but in spite of his discouragements he struggled on, and became one of the greatest of musical composers. He has given to the world a wealth of beauty that has made his name immortal.

CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

From off the earth the vapors curled,
Went up to meet their joy;
The boy awoke, and all the world
Was waiting for the boy.

The sky, the water, the wide earth
Were full of windy play—
Shining and fair, alive with mirth,
All for his holiday!

The hill said, "Climb me;" and the wood,
"Come to my bosom, child;
Mine is a merry gambolling brood;
Come, and with them go wild."

The shadows with the sunlight played,
The birds were singing loud,
The hill stood up with pines arrayed;
He ran to join the crowd.

But long ere noon dark grew the skies,
Pale grew the shrinking sun:
"How soon," he said, "for clouds to rise,
When day was but begun!"

The wind grew rough—a wilful power.
It swept o'er tree and town;
The boy exulted for an hour,
Then weary sat him down.

And as he sat the rain began,
And rained till all was still;
He looked, and saw a rainbow span
The vale from hill to hill.

He dried his tears. "Ah, now," he said,
"The storm was good, I see!
Yon pine-dressed hill, upon its head
I'll find the golden key."

He tried the copse, he climbed the fence,
At last the top did scale;
But, lo! the rainbow vanished thence
Was shining in the vale.

"Still, here it stood; yes, here," he said,
"Its very foot was set!
I saw this fir tree through the red,
This through the violet!"

He searched and searched, while down the skies
Went slow the slanting sun;
At length he lifted hopeless eyes,
And day was nearly done.

Beyond the vale, above the heath,
High flamed the crimson west;
His mother's cottage lay beneath
The sky-bird's rosy breast.

"Oh joy," he cried, "not *all* the way
Farther from home we go!
The rain will come another day,
And bring another bow."

Long ere he reached his mother's cot,
Still tiring more and more,
The red was all one cold gray blot,
And night lay round the door.

But when his mother stroked his head,
The night was grim in vain;
And when she kissed him in his bed,
The rainbow rose again.

Soon things that are and things that seem
Did mingle merrily;
He dreamed, nor was it all a dream,
His mother had the key.

George MacDonald.

(*By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.*)

RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY.

STORY OF CÆDMON.

On one of the dark, rugged cliffs that jut out into the sea from the eastern part of England, stood, many centuries ago, the monastery of Whitby. At this time the people of England were still very ignorant. Only the monks and the nuns knew how to read or write. The rest of the people were either warriors, or else simple-minded shepherds and farmers.

In this monastery lived a servant whose duty it was to attend to the sheep and cattle. In the evenings, very often, his companions were in the habit of gathering together in the common hall or banquet room. There it was the custom, while the feast was going on, for each

one in turn to take the harp as it was passed round the table, and make up some simple song to entertain his friends. Although these people knew nothing about reading or writing, they were wonderfully clever at singing songs and accompanying themselves on the harp.

Only the herdsman who attended to the sheep and cattle, and whose name was Cædmon, could never sing. So whenever feasting time came, and his comrades began to pass the harp from one to another, he, being ashamed of his lack of skill, would leave the banquet hall to go alone to the little house where he slept.

One night, after he had left his comrades, and had attended to all the wants of the cattle under his care, he, as usual, went to sleep, and in his sleep he had a wonderful dream. He dreamed that to his door came a beautiful youth, with a light shining about his head, who said to him, "Cædmon, sing for me." Cædmon answered, "But thou knowest I cannot sing. That is why I left my companions in the banquet hall and came here to my lonely hut." "Try," said the beautiful youth, "and thou shalt find that thou canst sing." Then Cædmon in wonder asked, "What shall I sing about?" —"Sing of the beauty of the world, and the glory of the stars and the skies and of all that is on the earth," was the answer.

Then in his sleep Cædmon sang a beautiful song, just

"He would leave the banquet hall." (P. 152.)

as the youth had commanded him. But the strangest thing was that when he awoke he remembered every word of the song; and not only that, but he found he could sing a song about any thought that came into his mind, whereas formerly he had never been able to sing at all.

Wonderful, indeed, all this seemed to the humble shepherd. He told his companions about his dream, and they led him to the abbess, who was chief in the monastery, and bade him sing his songs for her.

So he sang. All the wise monks came to hear him, and tears came into their eyes at the beauty of his song; for when he sang, the sky and the earth and the sea which these men had known all their lives seemed suddenly to be filled with a new glory. They all said that Cædmon had received a wonderful gift from God, and that he must use it in a holy way.

From that day onward some one else guarded the sheep and the cattle in the monastery of Whitby, and the former shepherd learned to read and write, and became one of the monks of the abbey. Many and beautiful and holy were the songs he wrote. They were written in Anglo-Saxon, the language spoken by the ancestors of the English people; and this simple shepherd, Cædmon, who was the first of the Anglo-Saxon poets, was therefore really the father of all English poetry.

SWEET AND LOW.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tennyson.

THE LAST LESSON IN FRENCH.

I WAS very late that morning on my way to school, and was afraid of being scolded. The master had told us he should question us on the verbs, and I did not know the first word, for I had not studied my lesson. For a moment I thought of playing truant. The air was so warm and bright, and I could hear the blackbirds whistling in the edge of the woods, and the Prussians drilling in the meadow behind the saw-mill. I liked this much better than learning the rules for verbs; but I did not dare to stop, so I ran quickly towards the school.

As I passed the mayor's office, I saw people standing before the little bulletin board. For two years it was there that we received all the news of battles—of victories and defeats. "What is it now?" I thought, without stopping to look at the bulletin. Then, as I ran along, the blacksmith, who was there reading the bill, cried out to me, "Not so fast, little one; you will reach your school soon enough." I thought he was laughing at me, and ran faster than ever, reaching the school yard quite out of breath.

Usually, at the beginning of school, a loud noise could be heard from the street. Desks were being opened and closed, and lessons repeated at the top of the voice. Occasionally the heavy ruler of the master beat the table, as he cried, "Silence, please, silence!" I hoped to be able to take my seat amid all this noise without being seen; but that morning the room was quiet and orderly. Through the open window I saw my schoolmates already in their places. The master was walking up and down the room, with the iron ruler under his arm and a book in his hand. As I entered he looked at me kindly, and said, without scolding, "Go quickly to your place, little Franz; we were just going to begin without you. You should have been here five minutes ago."

I climbed over my bench and sat down at once at my desk. Just then I noticed, for the first time, that our master wore his fine green coat with the ruffled frills, and his black silk embroidered cap. But what surprised me more was to see some of the village people seated on the benches at the end of the room. One of them was holding an old spelling-book on his knee, and they all looked sadly at the master.

While I was wondering at this, our schoolmaster took his place, and in the same kind tone in which he had received me he said, "My children, this is the last time that I shall give you a lesson. An order has come from

Berlin that no language but German may be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. A new master will come to-morrow who will teach you in German. To-day is your last lesson in French. I beg of you to pay good attention."

These words frightened me. This is what they had posted on the bulletin board, then; this is what the blacksmith was reading! My last lesson in French! I hardly knew how to write, and I never should learn now. How I longed for lost time, for hours wasted in the woods and fields, for days when I had played and should have studied! My books, that a short time ago had seemed so tiresome, so heavy to carry, now seemed to me like old friends. I was thinking of this when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say the rules without a mistake? But I could not say a word, and stood at my bench without daring to lift my head. Then I heard the master speaking to me.

"I shall not scold you, little Franz; you are punished enough now. Every day you have said to yourself, 'I have plenty of time. I shall learn my lesson to-morrow.' Now you see what has happened."

Then he began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful tongue in the world, and that we must keep it among us and never

forget it. Finally he took the grammar and read us the lesson. I was surprised to see how I understood. Everything seemed easy. I believe, too, that I never listened so well; and it seemed almost as if the good man were trying to teach us all he knew in this last lesson.

The lesson in grammar ended, we began our writing. For that day the master had prepared some new copies, on which was written,—

"*Alsace, France;*
Alsace, France."

They seemed like so many little flags floating about the schoolroom. How we worked! Nothing was heard but the voice of the master and the scratching of pens on the paper. There was no time for play now. On the roof of the schoolhouse some pigeons were softly cooing, and I said to myself, "Shall they, too, be obliged to sing in German?"

From time to time, when I looked up from my page, I saw the master looking about him as if he wished to impress upon his mind everything in the room.

After writing we had a history lesson, and then the little ones recited. Oh, I shall remember that last lesson!

Suddenly the church clock struck the hour of noon. The master rose from his chair. "My friends," said he, "my friends—I—I—" But something choked him; he could not finish the sentence. He turned to the black-

board, took a piece of chalk, and wrote in large letters, "Vive la France!" Then he stood leaning against the wall, unable to speak. He signed to us with his hand: "It is ended. You are dismissed."

From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam!
The woods are astir at the close of the day;
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let robber retreat, let tiger turn tail;
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells, as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the footpath that heads uphill;
The bag's on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post Office bill—
"Dispatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail."

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry "Halt"? What are tempests to him?
The Service admits not a "but" or an "if."

While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir;
From level to upland, from upland to crest;
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur
Fly the soft sandalled feet, strains the brawny brown chest.
From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road,
A jingle of bells on the footpath below;
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode—
The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow:
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail—
"In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(By permission of the Author and the publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

MOORISH MERCHANTS.

MICHAEL THE UPRIGHT.

More than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Michael. His parents wished to bring him up to some trade; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor, and nothing else would please him. So he was allowed to have his way, and his father got a berth for him in a vessel about to sail for Morocco, on the north coast of Africa.

The ship belonged to a merchant who was in the habit of taking out bales of cloth to sell to the natives

of that place. As he went himself in the ship, he was able to see what kind of boy Michael was. Not only was Michael quick at learning his duties, but he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did as well as he could, whether any one was looking at him or not. "This is just the boy I want," thought the merchant, and Michael was soon raised to a higher place.

One day the merchant fell sick, and he could not go with his vessel, which was laden ready to sail for Morocco. What could he do? He knew of only one person to whom he could trust his cargo, and that was Michael. So he sent for him, and told him that he must take charge of it. Michael was young, and it was a difficult task he had to face; but it was his duty, and he did not flinch from it. The ship sailed with Michael in charge, and in due time he was arranging his cloth in the market-place at Morocco.

Now the city was ruled by a cruel tyrant called the Bey, who could do what he liked without anybody daring to find fault with him. On this very morning he came into the market, and after seeing the various pieces of cloth which Michael had for sale, he fixed on one and asked the price. Michael told him. The bey offered half the sum he named.

"Nay," said Michael; "I ask no more than it is worth. My master expects that price, and I am only

"The bey appeared as before." (P. 165.)

his servant. I have no power to take less." The bey's face grew dark with anger; and the bystanders trembled, for they knew that if the lad opposed the wishes of the cruel governor he would be put to death. "I will give you till to-morrow to think about it," cried the bey, and he rode away.

Michael put back the cloth, and began calmly to wait on his other customers. Those around him begged him to give in to the bey and save his life. But Michael replied, "My life is in God's hands. If my master loses one penny through me, I am not a faithful servant."

The morrow came. The bey appeared as before; but besides his other servants, the public executioner followed behind him. He again asked Michael the price of the cloth, and he got the same answer. "Take my life if you will," added the brave Michael, "but I shall die as an honest man, and a true servant of my master."

Everybody expected to hear the order, "Strike off his head;" and in a moment the executioner would have done it. But the order was not given. The face of the bey suddenly changed.

"Thou art a noble fellow!" he cried. "Would that I had such a servant as thou art! Give me thy hand; thou shalt be my friend. I will make of the cloth a robe of honor in memory of thy faithfulness."

The upright young man rose step by step till he became an admiral, and he fought the battles of his country as nobly as he sold his master's cloth. The name of Michael Ruyter is still honored in his native land. And the chief reason why his countrymen love him so much is just this—that in the very face of death he dared to do what was right.

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,—
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;

The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring;
O say, what may it be?"—
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?"—
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
O say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word--
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be,
And she thought of Him who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows:
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;

But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow;
Oh save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

H. W. Longfellow.

A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society.—*Landseer.*

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE ELVES.

THERE was once an honest shoemaker who worked very hard at his trade; yet through no fault of his own he grew poorer and poorer. At last he had only just enough leather left to make one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather so as to be ready for making the shoes the next day.

He rose early in the morning, and went to his bench. But what did he see? There stood the pair of shoes, already made. The poor man could hardly believe his eyes, and he did not know what to think. He took the shoes in his hand to look at them closely. Every stitch was in its right place. A finer piece of work was never seen.

Very soon a customer came, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a higher price than usual for them. The shoemaker now had enough money to buy leather for two pairs of shoes. In the evening he cut them out with great care, and went to bed early that he might be up in good time the next day. But he was saved all trouble; for when he rose in the morning, two pairs of well-made shoes stood in a row upon his bench.

Presently in came customers, who paid him a high price for the shoes, and with the money that he re-

ceived he bought enough leather to make four pairs of shoes. Again he cut the work out overnight, and again he found it finished in the morning. The shoemaker's good fortune continued. All the shoes he cut out during the day were finished at night. The good man rose early, and he was busy every moment of the day. Every pair found ready sale. "Never did shoes wear so long," said the buyers.

One evening, about Christmas time, the shoemaker said to his wife, "Let us watch to-night and see who it is that does this work for us." So they left a light burning, and hid themselves behind a curtain which hung in the corner of the room. As soon as it was midnight there came two little dwarfs. They sat down upon the shoemaker's bench, and began to work with their tiny fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away. Never had the good shoemaker and his wife seen such rapid work. The elves did not stop till the task was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak, and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

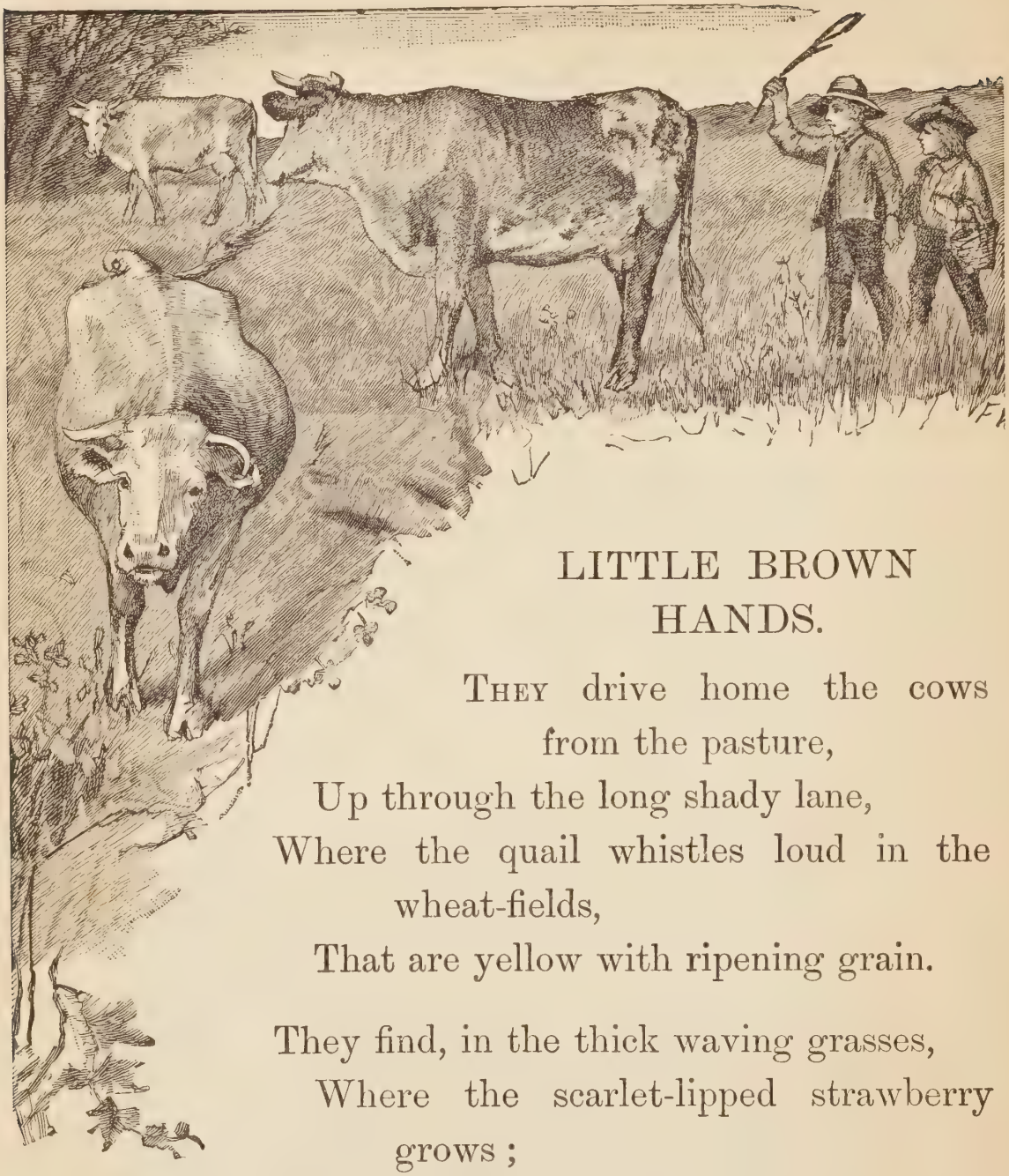
The next day the shoemaker's wife said to her husband, "These little folks have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them and do them a service in return. They must be cold, for they have nothing on their backs to keep them warm. I shall make each

of them a suit of clothes, and you shall make some shoes for them."

This the shoemaker was very glad to do. When the little suits and the new shoes were finished, they were laid on the bench instead of the usual work. Again the good people hid themselves in the corner of the room to watch. About midnight the elves appeared. When they found the neat little garments waiting for them, they showed the greatest delight. They dressed in a moment, and jumped and capered and sprang about until they danced out of the door and over the green.

Never were they seen again, but everything went well with the shoemaker and his wife from that time forward as long as they lived.

JACOB GRIMM.



LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;

They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry-vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build their castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

M. H. Krout.

A CANADIAN LAKE.

THE STORY OF A LAKE.

Most boys and girls have seen a lake—either a small pond, which may dry up in summer, or one of those great lakes which Canada possesses in such abundance. A lake is simply a hollow filled with water. Usually there are brooks or rivers running into the lake at various places, and one larger river running out of it and carrying away the surplus water.

You may never have thought, however, that all lakes are trying as hard as they can to cease being lakes, and to

become something else. Many of the lakes of former days are now lakes no longer. Let us see how this happens.

How the lake was formed at first we need not consider at present, as there are various ways in which they may begin. But once the lake is there, let us try to follow its work in putting an end to itself as a lake.

You must have noticed that all our brooks and rivers are muddy at times; some of them are always muddy. When rain or melting snow brings them down in flood, it is not water alone which fills them. The water is mixed with mud and sand, consisting of small particles of soil which the rain carries along with it as it runs over the ground.

When this dingy flood reaches the lake, the current becomes slower and slower. Then the mud sinks down slowly on the bottom of the lake, and the water which flows out of it is always clearer than that which enters.

Now you can easily see that however deep the lake may be at first, it is gradually becoming shallower year by year as each flood-time brings down a fresh supply of mud. If the rivers flow over bare rocky ground, they carry little mud or sand into the lake, and in such ground a lake will fill up very slowly indeed. But where there is much loose soil in the river valley, each stream brings down a large amount of solid matter with its current.

There is another way in which the life of a lake may

be shortened. The river that flows out of it is always cutting its bed a little deeper year by year. At last a time may come when the bed of the river flowing out of the lake is as deep as that of the lake itself; then, of course, the water runs out as fast as it comes in, and the lake is no longer a lake at all.

Both these processes usually go on together. In the still water of the lake, the settling mud makes its bed shallower, while the outrush of the water deepens the river at its lower end. So after centuries have passed away the bed of many lakes has been filled up and the water drained away.

What have we then left in the place of the former lake? A flat, green meadow, formed of the mud which has filled it up. This mud, you must remember, came from the loose soil in the river valleys, and it usually bears a rich crop of grasses and other plants. It is always the best of the soil which gets carried away by water in time of river floods.

Men who have studied these matters tell us that in ages long gone by a great part of southern Manitoba was a lake; they speak of this vanished lake as Lake Agassiz, naming it after a famous man who wrote much about such changes on the surface of the earth. We still have great lakes in Manitoba, but Lake Agassiz was many times larger than them all.

The bed of this old lake is now the flat prairie which spreads out on both sides of the Red River. The mud which filled up its bed now forms that wonderful deep, rich soil which yields such splendid crops of wheat. That is why this part of the prairie is both lower in level and more fertile than any other part. Its rich, deep soil was gathered during many centuries from all the wide valleys through which the Red River and its tributaries flow.

THE BEATITUDES.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Bible: *Matt. v. 3–10.*

THE DOG CRUSOE.

A WEEK after the shooting-match Crusoe's education began. Having fed him for that period with his own hand, in order to gain his affection, Dick took him out one sunny forenoon to the margin of the lake to give him his first lesson.

And here again we must pause to remark that, although a dog's heart is generally gained in the first instance through his mouth, yet, after it is thoroughly gained, his affection is noble and disinterested. He can scarcely be driven from his master's side by blows; and even when thus harshly repelled, he is always ready, on the shortest notice and with the slightest encouragement, to make it up again.

Well, Dick Varley began by calling out, "Crusoe! Crusoe! come here, pup."

Of course Crusoe knew his name by this time, for it had been so often used as a prelude to his meals that he naturally expected a feed whenever he heard it.

"Now, Crusoe, come here."

Crusoe bounded clumsily to his master's side, cocked his ears, and wagged his tail. So far his education was perfect. We say he bounded clumsily; for it must be remembered that he was still a very young pup, with soft, flabby muscles.

"Now, I'm going to begin your education, pup; think of that."

Whether Crusoe thought of that or not we cannot say, but he looked up in his master's face as he spoke, cocked his ears very high, and turned his head slowly to one side, until it could not turn any further in that direction; then he turned it as much to the other side; whereat his master burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and Crusoe immediately began barking vociferously.

"Come, come," said Dick, suddenly checking his mirth, "we mustn't play, pup; we must work."

Drawing a leathern mitten from his belt, the youth held it to Crusoe's nose, and then threw it a yard away, at the same time exclaiming, in a loud, distinct tone, "Fetch it."

Crusoe entered at once into the spirit of this part of his training: he dashed gleefully at the mitten, and proceeded to worry it with intense gratification. As for "Fetch it," he neither understood the words nor cared a straw about them.

Dick Varley rose immediately, and rescuing the mitten, resumed his seat on a rock.

"Come here, Crusoe," he repeated.

"Oh! certainly, by all means," said Crusoe. No, he didn't exactly say it, but really he looked these words so evidently that we think it right to let them stand as

they are written. If he could have finished the sentence, he would certainly have said, "Go on with that game over again, old boy; it's quite to my taste—the jolliest thing in life, I assure you!" At least, if we may not positively assert that he would have said that, no one else can absolutely affirm that he wouldn't.

Well, Dick Varley did do it over again, and Crusoe worried the mitten over again, utterly regardless of "Fetch it."

Then they did it again, and again, and again, but

without the slightest apparent advancement in the path of canine knowledge; and then they went home.

During all this trying operation Dick Varley never once betrayed the slightest feeling of irritability or impatience. He did not expect success at first; he was not therefore disappointed at failure.

Next day he had him out again—and the next—and the next—and the next again, with the like unfavorable result. In short, it seemed at last as if Crusoe's mind had been deeply imbued with the idea that he had been born expressly for the purpose of worrying that mitten, and he meant to fulfil his destiny to the letter.

Young Varley had taken several small pieces of meat in his pocket each day, with the intention of rewarding Crusoe when he should at length be prevailed on to fetch the mitten; but as Crusoe was not aware of the treat that awaited him, of course the mitten never was "fetched."

At last Dick Varley saw that this system would never do, so he changed his tactics, and next morning he gave Crusoe no breakfast, but took him out at the usual hour to go through his lesson. This new course of conduct seemed to perplex Crusoe not a little, for on his way down to the beach he paused frequently and looked back at the cottage, and then expressively up at his master's face. But the master was inexorable; he went on, and

Crusoe followed, for true love had now taken possession of the pup's young heart, and he preferred his master's company to food.

Varley now began by letting the learner smell a piece of meat, which he eagerly sought to devour, but was prevented, to his immense disgust. Then the mitten was thrown as heretofore, and Crusoe made a few steps towards it, but being in no mood for play he turned back.

"Fetch it," said the teacher.

"I won't," replied the learner mutely, by means of that expressive sign not doing it.

Hereupon Dick Varley rose, took up the mitten, and put it into the pup's mouth. Then retiring a couple of yards, he held out the piece of meat and said, "Fetch it."

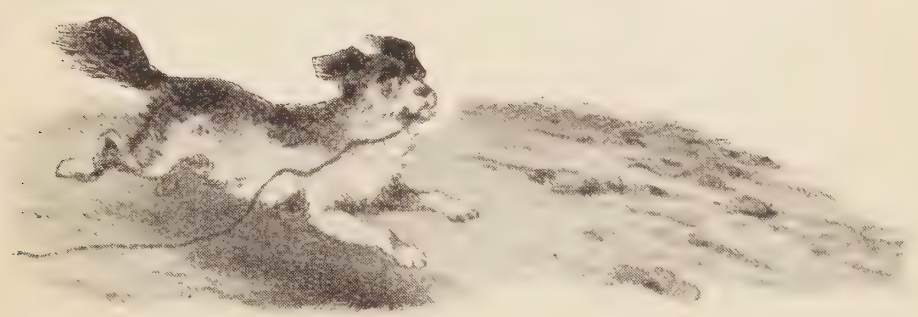
Crusoe instantly spat out the glove and bounded towards the meat—once more to be disappointed.

This was done a second time, and Crusoe came forward *with the mitten in his mouth.* It seemed as if it had been done accidentally, for he dropped it before coming quite up. If so, it was a fortunate accident, for it served as the tiny fulcrum on which to place the point of that mighty lever which was destined ere long to raise him to the pinnacle of canine erudition. Dick Varley immediately lavished upon him the tenderest caresses, and gave him a lump of meat. But he quickly tried it

again, lest he should lose the lesson. The dog evidently felt that if he did not fetch that mitten he should have no meat or caresses. In order, however, to make sure that there was no mistake, Dick laid the mitten down beside the pup instead of putting it into his mouth, and, retiring a few paces, cried, "Fetch it."

Crusoe looked uncertain for a moment; then he picked up the mitten and laid it at his master's feet. The lesson was learned at last! Dick Varley tumbled all the meat out of his pocket on the ground, and while Crusoe made a hearty breakfast, he sat down on a rock and whistled with glee at having fairly picked the lock, and opened another door into one of the many chambers of his dog's intellect.

R. M. Ballantyne.



SPRINGS AND WELLS.

Great quantities of water fall upon the earth from the clouds. Some of it falls as rain, and some as hail or snow, which, as is seen when they melt, are only different forms of water. Where, then, does all this water go?

A great deal of it goes back to the clouds. When the air is dry and warm, vapor is constantly rising from seas, lakes, and rivers, and from the damp ground. Some of it runs down the sloping ground, forming little brooks and streamlets which go to feed the rivers and lakes. That is how rivers are kept flowing and lakes are kept full.

Most of the water, however, sinks down into the ground through the soft earth and the cracks in the rocks. Down it goes till it comes to a bed of clay or hard rock through which it cannot pass. Along this layer of rock the water will then slowly trickle—always seeking its way downward, and growing stronger and stronger until it is able to push away dirt or stones that block its path. It runs on and on underground till it comes to an end of the layer of rock or clay on a hillside. There it pushes away the dirt or stones in its path, and comes bubbling out into the light once more: this is what is called a spring.

Springs are most common in hilly ground. Many

brooks and rivers begin in springs which flow out of the side of a rocky hill.

Sometimes the layer of rock or clay is like a huge shallow plate or saucer. Then the water cannot flow away. It lies in the soil and keeps it damp. If a well is dug a little way down into the ground, it will fill with water from the damp soil.

It sometimes happens that there are two layers of clay or rock, and the underground water finds its way in between them. It cannot flow out as a spring, and it cannot rise up to the surface of the ground.

Suppose now that a hole is bored in the ground, and a pipe sunk deep enough to cut through the layer of rock above the underground water: what will happen then?

If the water has come from a place on a much higher level, it will rush up through the pipe in a jet of spray and water which may spout many feet up into the air.

A bore of this kind is called an artesian well. They can often be made in level countries, and they sometimes give an enormous supply of water.

If the underground water does not come from a high level, it will rise in the pipe to a certain height, but may not flow out at the top. A pump must then be fitted into the top of the pipe, and the water pumped up by means of a windmill. Every boy and girl in Manitoba has seen pumps and wells of this kind.

An Artesian Well in Australia.

Artesian wells are made in many parts of the world; some of the largest and deepest are found in Australia. Thousands of sheep are fed on the plains there, but they often suffer from want of water. Some years hardly any rain falls. The grass is burnt up by the heat, and the flocks die for want of water. But on those plains there is often plenty of water deep down under the ground. Wells have now been sunk in many such places, and from these the water spouts high up into the air. There is not only enough to water the flocks, but also to lead in channels along the ground, and spread over the plains so as to irrigate the dry soil.

This underground water is not always pure. There are often minerals dissolved in it which may be hurtful. Sometimes it cannot even be used for irrigation, as it covers the ground with a crust of those minerals.

Where artesian wells are used, therefore, people must take care to have the water examined, to see whether it is pure enough for drinking and for other purposes. Sometimes water which is mixed with mineral matter can be treated so as to make it quite safe for domestic use.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

Said the Wind to the Moon,
"I will blow you out.
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about.
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep,
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more.
On down,
In town,
Like a merry mad clown
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar.
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
For, high
In the sky
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

(*By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.*)

THE GOLDEN WINDOWS.

All day long the little boy worked hard, in field and barn and shed, for his people were poor farmers, and could not pay a workman; but at sunset there came an hour that was all his own, for his father had given it to him. Then the boy would go up to the top of a hill and look across at another hill that rose some miles away. On this far hill stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamonds. They shone and blazed so that it made the boy wink to look at them; but after a while the people in the house put up shutters, as it seemed, and then it looked like any common farmhouse. The boy supposed they did this because it was supper-time; and then he would go into the house and have his supper of bread and milk and go to bed.

One day the boy's father called him and said, "You

have been a good boy, and have earned a holiday. Take this day for your own; but remember that God gave it, and try to learn some good thing."

The boy thanked his father and kissed his mother; then he put a piece of bread in his pocket, and set out to find the house with the golden windows.

It was pleasant walking. His bare feet made marks in the white dust, and when he looked back, the foot-prints seemed to be following him and making company for him. His shadow, too, kept beside him, and would dance or run with him as he pleased; so it was very cheerful. By-and-by he felt hungry; and he sat down by a brown brook that ran through the alder hedge by the roadside, and ate his bread and drank the clear water. Then he scattered the crumbs for the birds, as his mother had taught him to do, and went on his way.

After a long time he came to a high green hill; and when he had climbed the hill, there was the house on the top; but it seemed that the shutters were up, for he could not see the golden windows. He came up to the house; and then he could well have wept, for the windows were of clear glass, like any others, and there was no gold anywhere about them.

A woman came to the door, and looked kindly at the boy, and asked him what he wanted.

"I saw your golden windows from our hilltop," he

said, "and I came here to see them; but now they are only glass."

The woman shook her head and laughed.

"We are poor farming people," she said, "and are not likely to have gold about our windows; but glass is better to see through."

She told the boy to sit down on the broad stone step at the door, and brought him a cup of milk and a cake, and bade him rest; then she called her daughter, a child of his own age, and nodded kindly at the two, and went back to her work.

The little girl was barefooted like himself, and wore a brown cotton gown; but her hair was golden like the windows he had seen, and her eyes were blue like the sky at noon. She led the boy about the farm, and showed him her black calf with the white star on its forehead; and he told her about his own at home, which was red like a chestnut, with four white feet. Then when they had eaten an apple together, and so had become friends, the boy asked her about the golden windows. The little girl nodded, and said she knew all about them, only he had mistaken the house.

"You have come quite the wrong way," she said. "Come with me, and I shall show you the house with the golden windows, and then you will see for yourself."

They went to a knoll that rose behind the farm-

house, and as they went the little girl told him that the golden windows could be seen only at a certain hour, about sunset.

"Yes, I know that," said the boy.

When they reached the top of the knoll, the girl turned and pointed; and there on a hill far away stood a house with windows of clear gold and diamond, just as he had seen them. And when he looked again, the boy saw that it was his own home.

Then he told the little girl that he must go. He promised to come again, but he did not tell her what he had learned; and so he went back down the hill, and the little girl stood in the sunset light and watched him.

The way home was long, and it was dark before the boy reached his father's house; but the lamplight and firelight shone through the windows, making them almost as bright as he had seen them from the hilltop. And when he opened the door, his mother came to kiss him,

and his little sister ran to throw her arms about his neck, and his father looked up and smiled.

"Have you had a good day?" asked his mother.

Yes, the boy had had a very good day.

"And have you learned anything?" asked his father.

"Yes," said the boy. "I have learned that our house has windows of gold and diamond."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

From "The Golden Windows," by permission of Little, Brown, and Co.

COTTON.

WHEN summer comes with its long, hot days, we are all delighted to have cool muslin and cotton clothing to wear. Have you ever wondered where all this cotton comes from? Over four hundred years ago, when America was discovered, cotton was found growing there in the southern part, where the climate was quite hot.

We find it also in many parts of the British Empire. In India it is one of the chief products, and the people are very skilful in weaving the most beautiful fine muslins. These delicate muslins were formerly woven on looms of the coarsest and simplest kind. Now, strange to say, when the machinery is much better, the muslins are not so fine as of old.

Cotton is also grown in Egypt and on the west coast

of Africa, and is sent to England to be made into cloth in the great factories there. In the town of Manchester, in England, there are warehouses and factories full of cotton. From these it is sent to all parts of the world to be made into clothing.

Cotton is grown on what is called a plantation. Here the cotton is planted in spring. The seeds are dropped into furrows and covered over with about an inch of soil. Where the plants are about six inches high they are thinned out, the strong ones being left standing.

Soon afterwards the top bud is nipped off the main shoot of each plant, that it may send out more side shoots and bear more blossoms. The flowers begin to appear among the dark glossy leaves when the plant is from two to three feet high. The blossom lasts only two days. When it opens, after sunrise in the morning, it is yellow or white in color. It begins to close soon after noon, when a pale red streak may be seen running up each of its petals, and it is wholly closed by sunset.

Next morning about sunrise it opens again, as fresh as ever, but it is now a beautiful pink. It lasts till sunset, when it again closes; but this time the petals wither

PICKING COTTON.

and fall off, and leave a little pod, or boll as it is called, about the size of a small bean. This boll contains the seeds surrounded by a white pulp. The pulp dries up as the boll ripens, and the coats of the seeds become covered with long silky hairs. These hairs grow longer and longer until they completely fill the boll, and at last they burst it open and hang out in snowy tufts several inches long.

The sooner these tufts are picked now the better for the strength and whiteness of the cotton. From the middle of August to the end of September is the usual picking season. The soft white wool is gathered in bags or baskets, and is spread out on the ground to dry.

The fibres have next to be separated from the seeds on which they grow. This was formerly done by hand, and it took a long time. In India it is still done thus, and a man can cleanse only about a pound of cotton a day. In America, before the Civil War, the slaves on the plantations used to do this work; but it is now done by a large machine called a cotton-gin, which will cleanse eight or nine pounds a day. After being ginned, the cotton is packed in bales for the market.

In the factory the bale cotton is cleaned and combed or carded, and twisted into loose, coarse threads. These loose threads are then spun into yarn, stout or fine, as may be required, and last of all the yarn is woven into webs of cloth.

The great usefulness of the cotton fibre is due to the fact that it can be twisted into a thread. Perfectly smooth fibres will not form a thread when they are twisted, but pull apart from each other. When seen through a microscope, the cotton fibre looks like a curling flat ribbon with thickened edges.

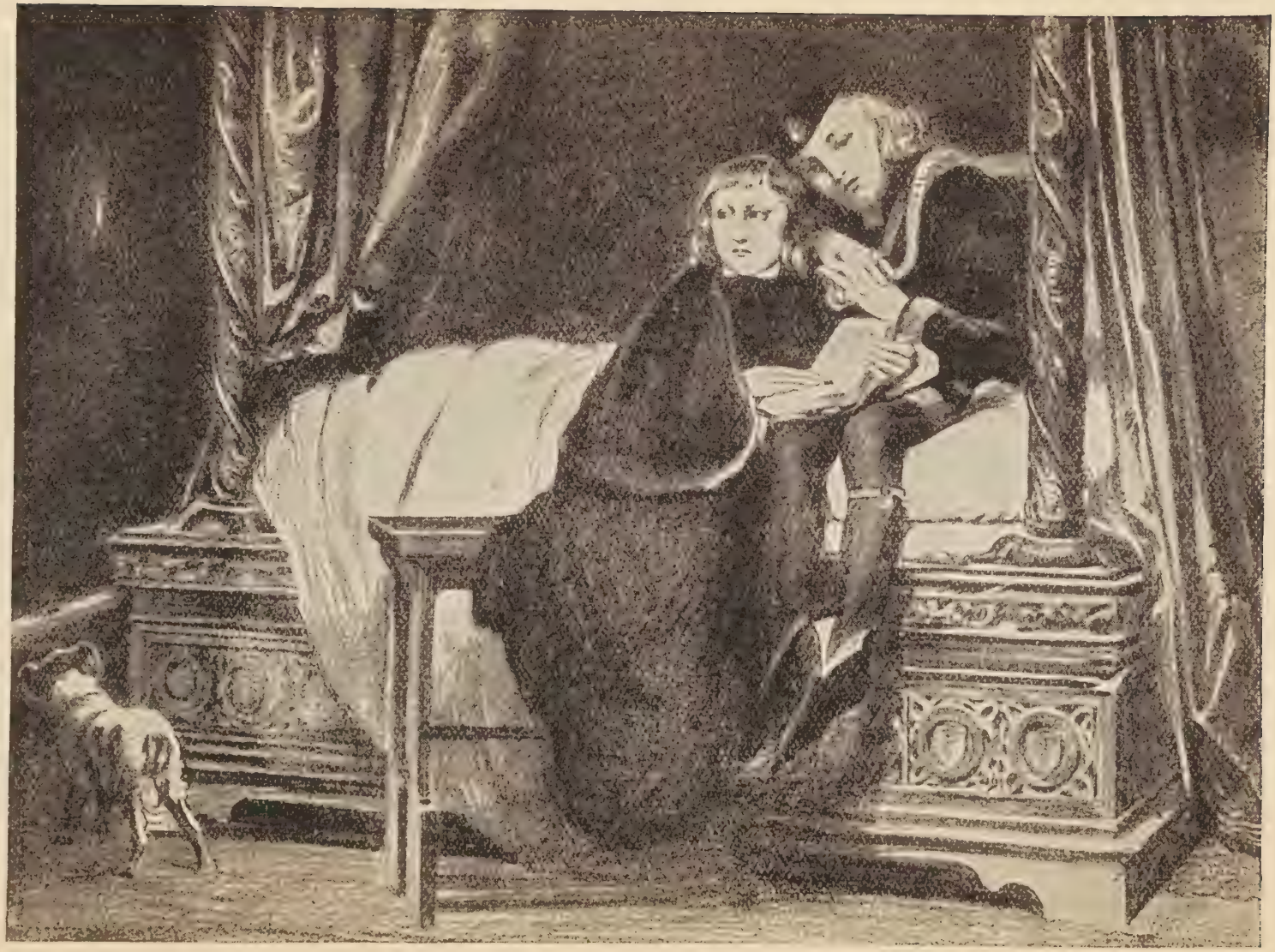
The seeds of the cotton plant are also useful. Those not needed for sowing are pressed between heavy rollers, when they yield a valuable oil, which is used for cooking purposes, for making soap, and for mixing paints. The crushed mass of seeds is made into cotton-seed cake, which is used for feeding cattle.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest:
Whither away?

Whither away, Bluebird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? Ah, why?
Thou, too, whose song first told us of the spring?
Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the North
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest,
Not one short day?
Wilt thou—as if thou human wert—go forth
And wanton far from them who love thee best?
Whither away? E. C. Stedman.



The Princes in the Tower.—*Millais.*

(*Sons of Edward IV. of England; murdered by their uncle, Richard III.*)

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

Once in the olden time a king called his heralds together to hear his bidding. And all the swift runners gathered before the king, each with a trumpet in his hand. And the king sent them forth into every part of the kingdom, to sound their trumpets and to call aloud :—

"Hear, O ye minstrels ! Our gracious king bids you come to his court and play before the queen."

The minstrels were men who went about from castle to castle and from palace to cot, singing beautiful songs and playing on harps. Wherever they roamed they were always sure of a welcome. They sang of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles. They sang of the mighty hunters that hunted in the great forests. They sang of fairies and goblins, of giants and elves. And because there were no storybooks in those days, everybody, from the little children to the king, was glad to see them come.

When the minstrels heard the king's message, they made haste to the palace ; and it so happened that three of them met on the way and decided to travel together.

One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonious ; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing, he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of ladies and their fair faces," said the youngest minstrel.

But Harmonious whispered, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! we hear nothing but the wind in the tree-tops," said the others. "We have not time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonious; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard the wind singing of its travels through the wide world.

It was telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships. It sang of the hill where the trees made harps of their branches, and of the valleys where all the flowers danced gaily to its music. And this was the chorus of the song:—

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valley below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow—
Only the Father in heaven can know."

Harmonious listened until he knew the whole song. Then he ran on, and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights that they were to see. "We shall behold the king, and we shall speak to him," said the oldest minstrel. "And we shall see his golden crown and the queen's jewels," added the youngest.

Now their path led them through the wood, and as they talked Harmonious said, "Hush! listen!" But the others answered, "Oh! that is only the sound of the brook trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonious stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls, on its way to the sea.

"Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun,
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing for ever, though none be near,
For God in heaven can always hear."

Thus sang the little brook. Harmonious listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the king and the queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked, he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried, "Listen! listen!"

"Oh! that is only a bird," the others replied. "Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonious would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonious laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing a song of green trees; and in every tree there was a nest, and in every nest there were eggs.

"Merrily, merrily listen to me
Flitting and flying from tree to tree;
Nothing fear I, by land or sea,
For God in heaven is watching me."

"Thank you, little bird," said Harmonious; "you have taught me a song." And he made haste to join his comrades.

When they came into the palace, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before they came into the throne room. The king and queen sat on their thrones side by side. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home in a far-off country, and of the butterflies she had chased when she was a little child.

One by one the minstrels played before them. The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, and the soldiers

of the king shouted with joy. The youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, and all the ladies of the court clapped their hands.

Then came Harmonious. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking. Then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook, dripping on stones and running over little pebbles. And while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonious's song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in spring. And then the song was ended.

The queen clapped her hands, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonious if he came from fairyland with such a wonderful song. But Harmonious answered :—

"Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day."

Now all the minstrels looked up in surprise when they heard these words from Harmonious; and the oldest minstrel said to the king, "Harmonious is surely mad! We met no singers on our way to-day." But the queen said, "That is an old, old song. I heard it when I was a little child, and I can name the singers three." And so she did. Can you?

MAUDE LINDSAY.

From "Mother Stories," by permission of the Milton Bradley Company.

Robin Hood and his Merry Men.—*From an old picture.*

SHERWOOD.

Sherwood in the twilight; is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake—
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again; all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June;
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon;
Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby, and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold;
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs;
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! the dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep;
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlet from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose feather;
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap:
"Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?"

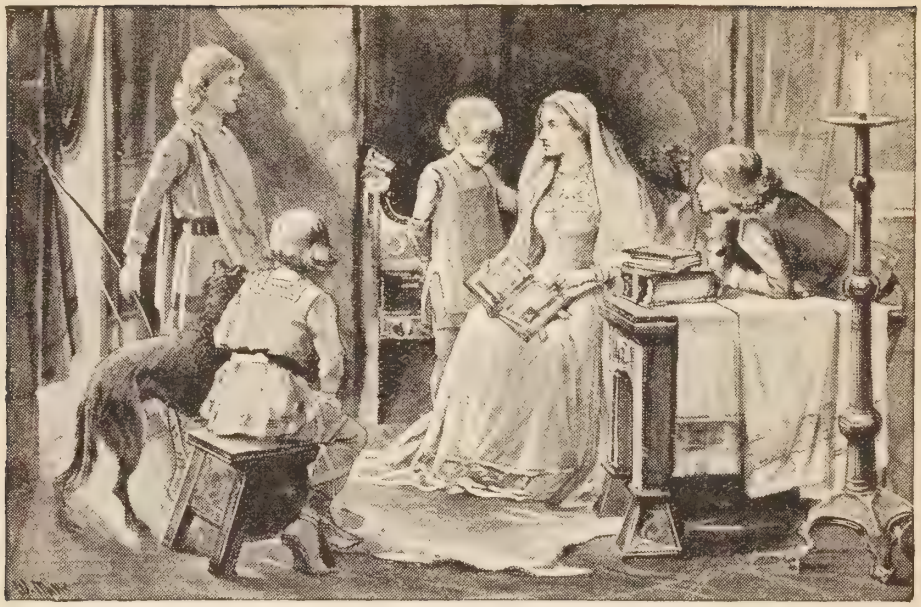
Hark! the voice of England wakes him as of old,
And shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep:
"Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?"

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln Green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day;

Calls them and they answer; from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the "Follow! follow!" and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter, and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

"Robin! Robin! Robin!" all his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves;
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

ALFRED NOYES.
(*By permission of the Author.*)



"Reading to her sons."

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred the Great was a young man, three-and-twenty years of age, when he became king. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on religious journeys, and once he had been for some time in Paris.

There was little learning in those days, and it is not surprising that at twelve years of age Alfred could not read. There was no printing then, and the only books to be had were those that were written by hand. Some of them were beautifully illuminated with colored inks.

One day Alfred's mother, Osburga, was reading to her sons from one of these illuminated books. The four brothers admired it very much, and the mother said she

would give it to the one who first learned to read it. Alfred sought out a teacher that very day, set himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book.

This great king in the first year of his reign fought nine battles with the Danes who invaded England. He made a treaty with them, and the false Danes swore that they would leave the country. They pretended that they had sworn a very solemn oath, but they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties, and soon came back to fight and plunder and burn.

One fatal winter in the fourth year of his reign King Alfred's army was routed, and he was left almost alone. He found refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds. Here he lived in hiding while the Danes sought for him far and wide.

One day the cowherd's wife left him to watch some cakes which she had put to bake upon the hearth. But being at work upon his bow and arrows, and thinking of the time when he would drive the false Danes from his land, he forgot the cakes, and they were burned. "What!" said the cowherd's wife when she came back a little later; "you will be ready enough to eat them by-and-by, and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!"

Leaving the cowherd's cottage, King Alfred joined the men of Devon, and went into camp with them to prepare for an attempt against the Danes. First he

"He played and sang."

must know the strength of his enemy. So, being a good musician, he disguised himself as a harper and entered the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum the Danish leader. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their

tents, their arms, their discipline, and everything he desired to know, and it was not long until he came back and made the Danes dance to a different tune. With his faithful followers he attacked their camp and completely defeated them. Being as merciful as he was good and brave, instead of killing them he proposed peace, and terms were agreed upon. Guthrum became a Christian, and ever afterwards was loyal and faithful to the king.

Having defeated his enemies, Alfred next tried to improve his people. He built schools, and encouraged learning by having Latin books written in the English-Saxon tongue. He made just laws, that the people might live more happily and freely; he put away all unjust judges, that no wrong might be done by them; he punished robbers so severely that it was a common thing to say that under the good King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have been hung across the streets and no man would have touched them. He patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. The great desires of his heart were to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, happier in all ways than he found it.

His industry in these efforts was astonishing. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles

made which were all of the same size. These candles were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burned down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we divide it into hours by the clock. But when the candles were first invented it was found that the wind and draughts of air caused them to burn irregularly. To prevent this the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn, and these were the first lanterns ever made in England. This good king died in the year 901 ; but long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude of his subjects, are remembered to this day.

"*Books written in the English-Saxon tongue.*" (P. 215.)

THE STORY OF MOWEEN.

This is a story a hunter told me as we sat by the camp fire on the top of the mountain, after a day's climb through the woods:—

"When I was a child my home was on the edge of a great forest. There were but few people near us, and not a town for miles and miles. Many wild animals lived in the woods, which were so wide and deep that most of the animals had never seen a human being.

"One day my father and a neighbor were out hunting. There was no breeze, and the woods were very still. They were walking down a hillside, stepping quietly over the fallen trunks and dry leaves, when suddenly, 'Look! look!' my father whispered to his companion.

"A strip of water gleamed through the trees, and a mother bear and three cubs were walking along the shore. The bear caught the sound or the scent of some one near, for she stopped, rose on her hind legs, and snuffed the air, and all the little bears did exactly what she did. 'We have surprised Bruin giving her children

a lesson,' said my father. But as he turned to speak, and before he could say a word to prevent, his companion had shot the mother bear. She tumbled down on the sand, and the little bears began to whimper and cry.

"Father never spoke to that man again, though he was a neighbor; and a neighbor means a good deal when the nearest one lives two miles away.

"The cubs were brave fellows: they did not run away even when the men went up to them, but stayed by their mother, whimpering a little. 'It was pitiful to see them,' father said. He was not willing to go away and leave the little fellows, for they were too small to take care of themselves; and now they had no mother to teach them bear language and bear ways. He picked up one and carried it, and the others followed. So he brought the three bears home to be my playmates, and glad I was to see them. They cried at first and missed their mother; but they soon became accustomed to living with people. What frolics we had! Every morning we would scamper up and down the road. When some one called me to the house and I ran in, they would come running and tumbling after me. We played house and school and soldier together, and though I often wished they could talk with me, in every other way they were good comrades.

"They were always good-natured. You have heard a

dog growl over a bone; the bears preferred lumps of sugar, which they took without growling. How they liked sweet things! They would come into the pantry and beg for cake; and when my mother wanted to give us all a treat, she would make molasses candy.

"Did we sell them? No, sir! Father said their mother had been so cruelly treated that they deserved extra kindness, and they were free to come and go as they would.

"One morning I woke up to find that two of them had gone off to the woods—their natural home. Only Moween had chosen to stay with us rather than to go with his brothers. He lived with us until he was a big bear. Sometimes he would roam into the woods to find honey, but he always came back. I liked to go nutting with him, for he would climb up the tree and shake the branches until the nuts came pattering down.

"One afternoon a German, leading a bear by a chain, stopped at the house. He had lost his way, and we asked him to rest, and to spend the night with us. He explained in broken English that he had been travelling about the country with his dancing bear. The bear danced for us; but Moween seemed frightened, and ran away when he saw the newcomer. The dancing bear, on his part, seemed afraid of Moween. However, at supper-time Moween returned, and the bears seemed to make

friends. What they said to each other I do not know, but when morning came both bears were gone. The dancing bear had slipped his chain. Their trail led into the forest, and we followed it a mile or two, but did not find them.

"This time my pet bear did not come back. Every spring I used to expect him, for when the maple trees were tapped we had 'sugarings off' which were always feasts for Moween. But I have not seen him since, though I never see a bear without wishing that he were my old playmate, Moween."—*From the "Outlook Story Book."*

(*By permission of the Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd.*)

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! J. H. Payne.

HOW SIEGFRIED MADE THE SWORD.

In Saxon land there once lived a young prince named Siegfried. His father, who was renowned for his wisdom and good deeds, was king of a rich and happy country that reached to the great North Sea. His mother, the gentle queen, was beloved by all, both high and low, for her goodness of heart and her kindly charity to all who were in distress. Both the king and the queen left nothing undone to fit the young prince for a happy and useful life. They chose for him the best and wisest teachers; every day they saw that something was added to his store of knowledge and his stock of happiness. As he grew in stature it was their concern that he should grow in skill and strength also. No other youth of his age could run more swiftly or ride more easily; no other could shoot the arrow with surer aim or throw the spear with greater force.

But the wise old king knew that a good man's life consists of more than learning lessons and playing games. "All work is noble," said he to Siegfried; "he who yearns to win fame must not shun toil. Even princes should learn how to earn their bread by the labor of their hands." So the king sent his son to live with a smith called Mimer, that he might learn the smith's trade and hear his words of wisdom.

This Mimer had built his smithy among the hills by the edge of a great forest. On the side of one of the hills overlooking the forest there was a fountain in which skill and wisdom lay hidden. By drinking daily at this fountain as the sun was rising, Mimer had become the most skilful of smiths and the wisest of men.

Siegfried had now to lay aside his courtly garments and put on a coarse blouse and leathern apron; for the dainties of a king's table he had to exchange the humble fare of a smith's apprentice. But he did not complain. His days were mirthful and happy; the sound of his hammer echoed musically among the hills, and from morn till night the sparks flew from his forge like showers of stars. He took such delight in his work that he soon became the cleverest workman in the smithy except Mimer himself. He could twist the links of the heaviest chains and fashion the most delicate ornaments of steel.

One morning the apprentices saw that their master wore a troubled look. He told them that Amilias, the chief smith in another land, had made a coat of armor which he boasted that neither sword could pierce nor spear could scratch, and he had sent a challenge to the chief smiths of all other lands to equal his workmanship or acknowledge him as their master. He had been toiling all the day and night to forge a sword that would

pierce the armor, but he had failed. He asked, "Is there any one here skilful enough to forge such a sword?"

All the apprentices shook their heads. But Siegfried spoke up: "Give me leave; I will try to forge the sword that shall cut the armor of Amilias." All the others laughed at him in scorn; but Mimer said to them, "Let us see what he can do: if he fail, I will make him repent his pride."

Siegfried went to his task. For seven days the sparks flew from his anvil. On the eighth day the sword was tempered, and he brought it to Mimer. "This seems, indeed," said Mimer, "a fair edge. Let us try its keenness." Then he threw a thread upon the water, and as it lay there he struck it with the sword. The blade passed through the thread without disturbing the ends or the surface of the water. "Well done, lad!" exclaimed the smith; "never have I seen a keener edge."

But Siegfried said to himself, "I can make a better sword than that, and there is yet time." So for three days more he welded it in a white-hot fire and tempered it in buttermilk and oatmeal. Then in sight of Mimer and the apprentices he threw a ball of wool upon the water, and whirling the blade in air brought it down upon the ball and parted it clean in two without moving a thread out of place.

Still there was time, and back to his corner of the

smithy went Siegfried again. His hammer rang with a cheerier sound than ever. For seven weeks he worked at the forge, and at last, pale but smiling, he stood before Mimer with the finished gleaming sword. Mimer looked at the edge, which shone like a ray of light, but he said nothing, and seemed lost in thought. Then Siegfried, taking the weapon in his own hand, swung the blade high over his head, and brought it down upon the anvil. The huge iron block was divided in two. Then to the brook they went, and threw a fleece of wool upon the water, and the sword stroke separated it as easily as the ball had been cut before. "With that sword," cried Mimer, "I shall not fear to meet Amilias."

Heralds were sent abroad through the two kingdoms to proclaim the day when the test would be made. Other kings heard of the contest, and came with their retinues of warriors to witness the trial. There were four kings with their queens and many fair ladies and courtly knights in armor. Multitudes gathered to the height of land that separated the kingdoms.

When everything was ready, Amilias, clad in the coat of armor, went to the top of the hill, and sat upon a great rock, where he was in full sight of all the people. He smiled to see Mimer toiling up the steep hill with that slight sword by his side; the countrymen of Amilias gave a shout of triumph, so sure were they of their

"Many fair ladies and courtly knights in armor." (P. 224.)

champion's success. But Mimer's countrymen waited in breathless silence. They had faith in Mimer, but they greatly feared. Only Siegfried's father seemed confident. He whispered to his queen, "Wisdom and skill are stronger than steel."

When Mimer reached the top of the hill, he paused a moment to take breath, and to cast a glance on the crowds below.

"Are you ready?"

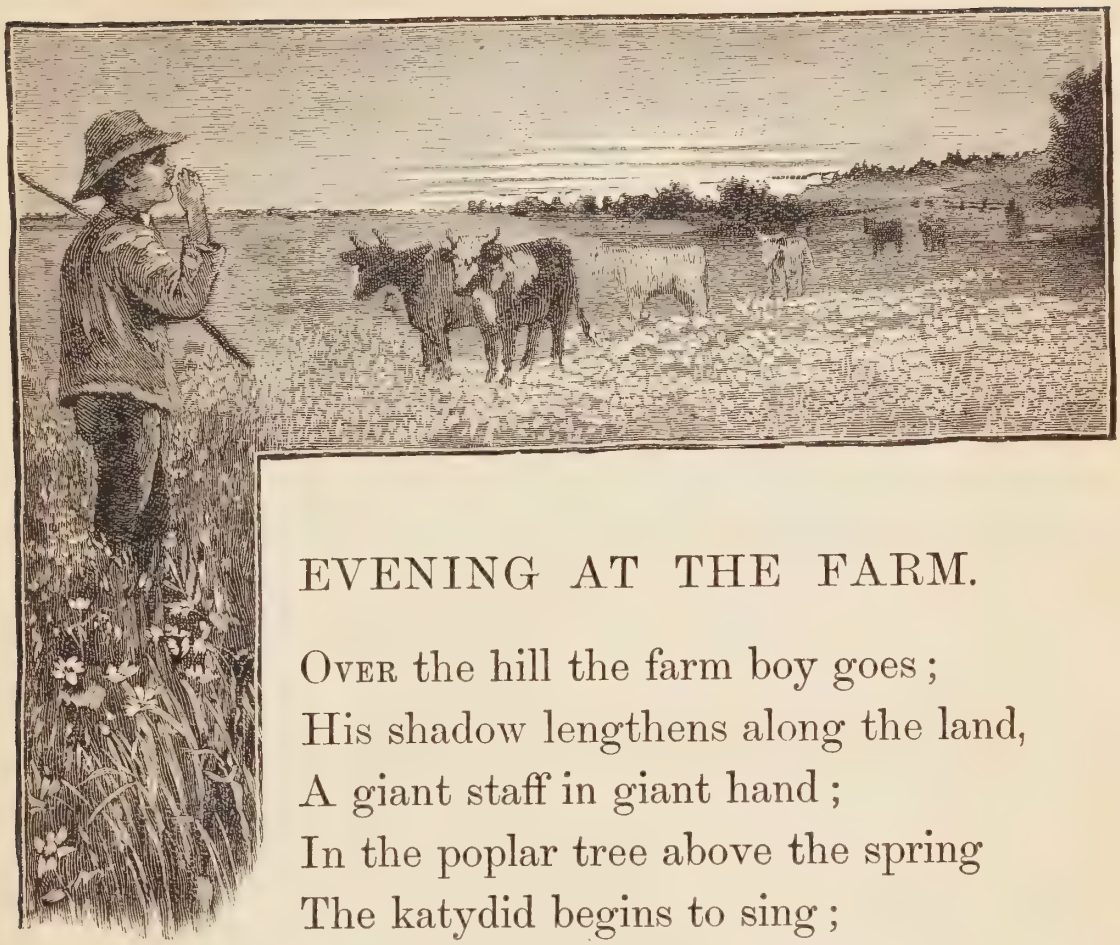
"Ready," answered Amilias, with a composed smile, so little did he fear; "strike your strongest!"

Mimer swung the gleaming blade; for a moment the lightning seemed to play around his head, and then descending it made a sweep through the air from right to left. The spectators thought to hear the clash of steel, but no sound came to their ears save a hiss like that which a hot poker would make in a bucket of water.

"Stand up!" cried Mimer.

Amilias began to obey, when, lo! he fell in halves, for the sword had cut through the war coat and the body encased within. One half rolled down the steep hill and fell into the river, fathoms deep, where for many a day, when the water was clear, it could be seen lying among the gravel and rocks.

The king was right: wisdom and skill had proved themselves stronger than steel.



EVENING AT THE FARM.

Over the hill the farm boy goes;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in giant hand;
In the poplar tree above the spring
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling:
In the stone heap darts the mink,
The swallows skim the river's brink,
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm boy goes,
Cheerily calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon shed stand yoke and plough,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cowboy far away
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farmyard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling:
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling,—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes:
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed:
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling:
The housewife's hand has turned the lock,
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose;
But still in sleep the farm boy goes,
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence. And she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, the second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit, who was wearing a monstrous shirt collar belonging to his father, plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and had known it for their own. Then these young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit, whose collar nearly choked him, blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has become of your father?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!"

said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We had a great deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind, as long as you are here," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself."

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob — "not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, even if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits caught up Tiny Tim and carried him off into

"Tiny Tim upon his shoulder." (P. 231.)

the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice trembled when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire. Then Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to bring the goose, with which they soon returned in high glee.

Such excitement followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy, ready beforehand in a little saucepan, hissing hot. Master Peter mashed the potatoes; Miss

Belinda sweetened the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table.

The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then climbing into their chairs, they held their fingers over their lips, lest they should call for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was followed by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast. When she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness, flavor, and size were wonderful to think of. With apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was enough dinner for the whole family. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight, looking at one small bone upon the dish, they hadn't eaten all of it yet. But every one had had enough, even the youngest Cratchits.

And now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough!

Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the back-yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose! The two young Cratchits almost went black in the face when they thought of what might have happened.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the kettle. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and decked with Christmas holly. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said it was the best pudding Mrs. Cratchit had ever made. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

At last the dinner was all done, the hearth swept, and the fire made. All the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked. Then Bob said, "Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a great number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would always be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear-shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window.

Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that before lying down on their beds they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young—oh, very, very young—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand at the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the

graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive him.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and soon came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "No." She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried, "O sister, I am here; take me!" And then she turned her beaming

eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and whilst he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed and died. Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Not that one, but another." As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here; take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!" Again at night he saw the star and all the former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children.

And he cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here; take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter." And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!" And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow, and his back was bent. One night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!" They whispered to one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And, O my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!" And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave. CHARLES DICKENS.

"Homeward Bound."—*Somerscales.*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on our lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze
And white waves heaving high—
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is my home,
And merry men are we. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE LITTLE POSTBOY.—I.

In my travels about the world I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I might tell you many things about their dress, their speech, and their habits of life in the different countries I have visited. I presume, however, that you would rather hear me relate some of my experiences in which children have taken part; so this shall be the story of my adventure with a little postboy in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in winter,

LAPLAND—A SUMMER CAMP.

on account of the intense cold. I made my journey in this season, however, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold, indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should more than once have felt inclined to turn back.

But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a

WINTER TRAVELLING IN LAPLAND.

province in the northern part of Sweden. They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much outdoor work, they spin and weave and mend their farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveller has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are furnished either by the keeper of the station or by some of the neighboring farmers; and when they are wanted, a man or a boy goes with the traveller to bring them back.

SUMMER TRAVELLING IN NORRLAND.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down until long after the stars came out; then to get a warm supper in some dark red post-cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

The cold increased a little every day, to be sure; but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly;

but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before.

"There will be a storm soon," said my postboy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I travelled onwards as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. Unfortunately it happened that two lumber merchants were travelling the same way, and had taken the post-horses; so I was obliged to wait at the stations until horses were brought from the neighboring farms. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile

is nearly equal to seven English miles, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. The keeper's wife—a friendly, rosy-faced woman—prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room.

I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband, who has gone on with the two lumbermen, will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Petersen, and I think you will find him at the posthouse when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised

that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand and asked him, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say,—

"You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you will be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

THE LITTLE POSTBOY.—II.

The boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woollen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible. Drawing on his mittens of hare's fur, he took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles; but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat.

The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the tall fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so cheerfully that my own spirits began to rise.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road —not too far to the left. Well done! Here's a level; now trot a bit."

So we went on—sometimes uphill, sometimes downhill—for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked, as I did about every five minutes, "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are: it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven.*

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said.

"The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no snow ploughs out to-night, we shall have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plough down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still.

Lars and I stood up and looked around. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled and began wading around among the trees.

I shouted to him in order to guide him, and it was not long before he came back to the sled.

"If I knew where the road was," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know, and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh no!" exclaimed Lars cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter, upon the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What is it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat as if satisfied with the arrangement.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay

evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then lifting them on the other side, he said,—

"Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said that we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and loosen our clothes. When this was done and we lay close together, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

In five minutes, I think, we were sound asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed

to me that we both talked in our sleep. I remember that his warm soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no farther than my knees.

Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins. "I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out at once; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and he immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out so early to plough the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts, but packed the snow, leaving a good solid road behind

it. After it had passed we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and in little more than an hour reached the posthouse at Umea. There we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-bye to both, and went on towards Lapland.

Lars was so quiet and cheerful and fearless, that although I had been nearly all over the world and he had never been away from home, I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more if I should know him better.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Streamers of red and blue light." (P. 246.)

THE NIGHT WIND.

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear;
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago,
When I was a little lad,
That when the night went wailing so
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!

And, "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
"Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!
Yoooooooo!"

EUGENE FIELD.

The Challenge.—*Landseer.*

THE LITTLE WHITE DOOR.—I.

One day, as I sat in a thicket of roses in one of the lovely, lonely valleys of the Alps, I noticed, high in the cliff above, a tall, narrow rock, as white as snow, which looked exactly like a door set in the face of the gray precipice. An old shepherd came by, and I asked him about it.

He said that the white rock was called "The Door," and that the valley was sometimes called from it "The Valley of the Door," but that its real name was "Fritz's Valley," on account of a boy named Fritz who once lived there. Then he sat down and told me the story of Fritz.

It was many, many years ago, the shepherd said—so many that no man now remembers exactly when it happened. Fritz's mother was a widow, and the boy was her only child. He was a steady, faithful lad. All day long he dug and toiled, and herded and milked and fed his goats, and in winter he carved wooden bowls for sale in the lower valley. He and his mother had a hard struggle for their living.

What made it harder was that strange storms used often to sweep through the valley and destroy the crops; times of drought also used to come, when for weeks and months together no rain would fall, and every green thing would be burned and dried up, while the lower

valleys had plenty of rain. So the place came to be called "The Unlucky Valley."

Sometimes in the long summer days, while he sat watching his flocks, Fritz would tell himself stories by way of amusement, and these stories were almost always about that strange white door in the cliff. He thought so much about it that at last he resolved to climb up and see it closer.

One night he stole out of the cottage while his mother slept. He climbed as high as he dared by moonlight, and

with the first dawn he began to make his way up that sheer gray cliff. Fritz was wiry, strong, and active as a mountain goat; but the climb was a terrible one, even for him. At last he threw himself breathless on a narrow ledge, and there, just before him, was the Little White Door.

The sight renewed his strength at once. He was a little surprised to find that it was a real door, with a latch, and a keyhole, and a knocker. It was all of white stone, and on the door was carved a name which means "The Clouds." Then he felt bold enough to seize the knocker and give a loud rap. Nobody answered at first, so he knocked louder and louder.

At last the door opened suddenly, and some one drew Fritz in and shut the door quickly. He felt a little cold hand on his wrist leading him along a rocky passage into the heart of the mountain. Then a glimmering light appeared, and the passage led by a sudden turn into a large hall.

At first Fritz thought the hall was full of people playing some sort of game, but then he saw they were not people, but strange rounded shapes in white or gray. The things they rolled about on the floor were shapes like themselves, only smaller and rounder, and of all beautiful colors—red, and purple, and yellow. They were all talking and laughing, and the balls seemed to

enjoy the game as much as those that were rolling them about.

Still the damp little hand grasped Fritz by the wrist, and when he looked down he saw that his guide was one of those small shapes which were the balls of the game. The pink-cheeked, fleecy form seemed familiar to him, and at last, forgetting his fear, he exclaimed, "Why, it's a cloud!"

"To be sure," was the answer. "What else did you expect? Didn't you see our name on the door? Or perhaps you can't read, stupid!"

"Yes, I saw the name; still, I didn't—"

"You did and you didn't; how intelligent you seem to be!" said a big white cloud.

A black thundercloud grumbled out something which Fritz did not understand; but no one seemed to mind him, and he went away into a corner muttering to himself.

"Don't be afraid," said little Pink Cloud to Fritz in a kindly tone. "Now, tell me what brought you up here."

"I didn't know who lived here, and I wanted so much to see," replied Fritz shyly.

"Did you not know that this was our house?" asked the Cloud, in surprise.

"No indeed; I didn't even know you had a house."

"Where did you suppose we were when you didn't see us in the sky?" asked the Cloud, in surprise. "Of course we have a house; everybody has. Sometimes there are great family meetings here, and we have all sorts of fun, and never go out of doors for weeks at a time."

"Oh, those must be the times when our streams run dry and our fields burn up with the heat!" said Fritz. "So you are enjoying yourselves up here all the time, are you? I call that very unkind." Little Pink Cloud hung his head, with a grieved face.

All this time Fritz had been hearing a strange growling sound, which came from behind a strongly-barred door near.

"What *is* that noise?" he ventured at last to ask.

"That? oh, that's only the North Wind," said the other. "He is shut up for the summer. Last year he broke loose about this time, and did all manner of mischief in the valley before we shut him up again."

"I remember that time," said Fritz. "Oh, it was dreadful! The storm killed three of our sheep and ruined the barley crop. We had hungry times in the valley last winter, I can tell you."

"Poor fellow!" said the little Cloud. "Well, he won't get out this summer to annoy you. But I'm very sorry you went hungry. It was not really our fault;

still, I should like to make it up to you somehow, if I could. I must see what can be done."

Then Pink Cloud went and called all the others round him, and Fritz watched them talking together. At last they all moved forward to where he stood.

"Now, boy," said little Pink, "because you are a good boy, and because you are the first who has ever dared to climb up to our house, we are willing to make a bargain with you if you like.

"So long as you live in the valley below, and work hard, and keep a kind heart in your bosom for people who are not so well off as yourself, we will look after your farm. Flood and tempest shall spare it; the grass shall never dry, nor the brook fail, nor the herds lack food. We shall watch closely, and so long as you keep your word we will keep ours. Do you agree to the bargain?"

Fritz could hardly believe such good news, and he agreed at once. Then the laughing white and rosy clouds bore Fritz down safely into the valley and left him there. His mother met him at the house door, and spoke of a queer mist that had rolled down into the valley and then cleared away again; but Fritz said nothing of what had happened. In fact, he was not sure but that it had all been a dream.

THE LITTLE WHITE DOOR.—II.

Dream or no dream, from that time the climate of the valley seemed to change. Years passed by without either drought or flood. When the pastures in other valleys were parched and dry, rain fell on Fritz's fields, keeping them as green as emerald. His goats and his sheep gave a double share of milk, and little by little he became rich.

He bought farm after farm, until he owned all the land in the valley except one small piece, which belonged to a poor widow. This she refused to sell, though Fritz offered a large price. She had come there a bride, she said, with the myrtle crown on her head, and there she wished to die and be buried. Now Fritz's heart had grown hard as he became rich, and he was very angry with this poor widow.

She was in debt to Fritz, and he demanded payment of the debt. Then, when she could not pay, he seized her farm, and turned her out of her home. He watched her depart weeping and broken-hearted, and as he lay on his bed that night he smiled to think that at last the whole valley was his own.

While Fritz lay asleep that night the Little White Door opened; out rushed the clouds—not rosy and smiling now, but black and wrathful—and swooped down on the valley. The rain poured down, the river

rose in flood, carrying all before it, and Fritz had just time to escape to the mountain side when his house was swept away by the torrent, along with his crops and his flocks and herds.

Fritz clung to a pine tree all that fearful night, and as the flood went hissing by and the dark clouds whirled round him, he seemed to hear voices calling to him, "False and cruel man! is this the way you keep faith with the clouds?" When morning dawned, it showed a scene of total ruin. The labor of years had vanished in a single night.

He now saw his fault, and he was truly sorry for it. He would gladly have made amends to the widow, but he was now as poor as she. His kindly neighbors came to his aid, but they could do nothing; the valley was like a lake, for the water did not run off the land as waters generally do.

After waiting many days, Fritz formed a bold resolution. He determined to climb the cliff once more, knock at the Little White Door, and plead with the clouds for forgiveness. It was a much harder task than it had been when he was a boy and his joints were supple. Slowly he toiled upwards, and at last he reached the door.

He knocked many times without answer, but at length the door was opened. No game was going on in the hall. The clouds, dressed in black, each with

his thunder-cap on, sat side by side, and frowned on Fritz as he stood before them.

"I have sinned, and I am justly punished," he said. "I forgot my promise to you, and I cannot complain that you broke yours to me. But give me one more chance, I implore you. Let me atone for my fault, and if I fail again, punish me as you will."

At this the clouds looked a little less gloomy, and replied gently, "Very well; we will consider the matter. Now go."

No one offered to carry him down this time. Wearily he groped his perilous way down, and, more dead than alive, he crept into the poor shed which was now his only home. In the morning the waters had begun to fall. Day by day they grew slowly less, and by the end of a fortnight the ground was dry.

But such land as it was when the water left it! Torn up by the floods and covered with stones and gravel, it seemed a hopeless task to reclaim it again. But Fritz was a strong, active man. Little by little the ground was cleared and sown, and the valley began to smile again. The soil seemed to be even better than it had been before.

Another house was built in place of the old one. After a few years Fritz was richer than he had been before. But his hard heart had been drowned in the

flood. He was kind to all the poor. He sought out the widow he had wronged, and restored her to her home. He married her niece, and they took her to live with them in her old age. So the last years of Fritz were really his best ones. He was well known and loved, and the valley was called after him.

"And is the story really a true one?" I asked of the shepherd when it was finished.

"Ah! who knows? It is so long ago, and there are so many untrue stories in the world," he replied, as he took his way down the valley, followed by his herd.

HIAWATHA'S CANOE.

"Give me of your bark, O
Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O
Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing
river,
Tall and stately in the
valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the
river,
Like a yellow leaf in
Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper;
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper."
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!

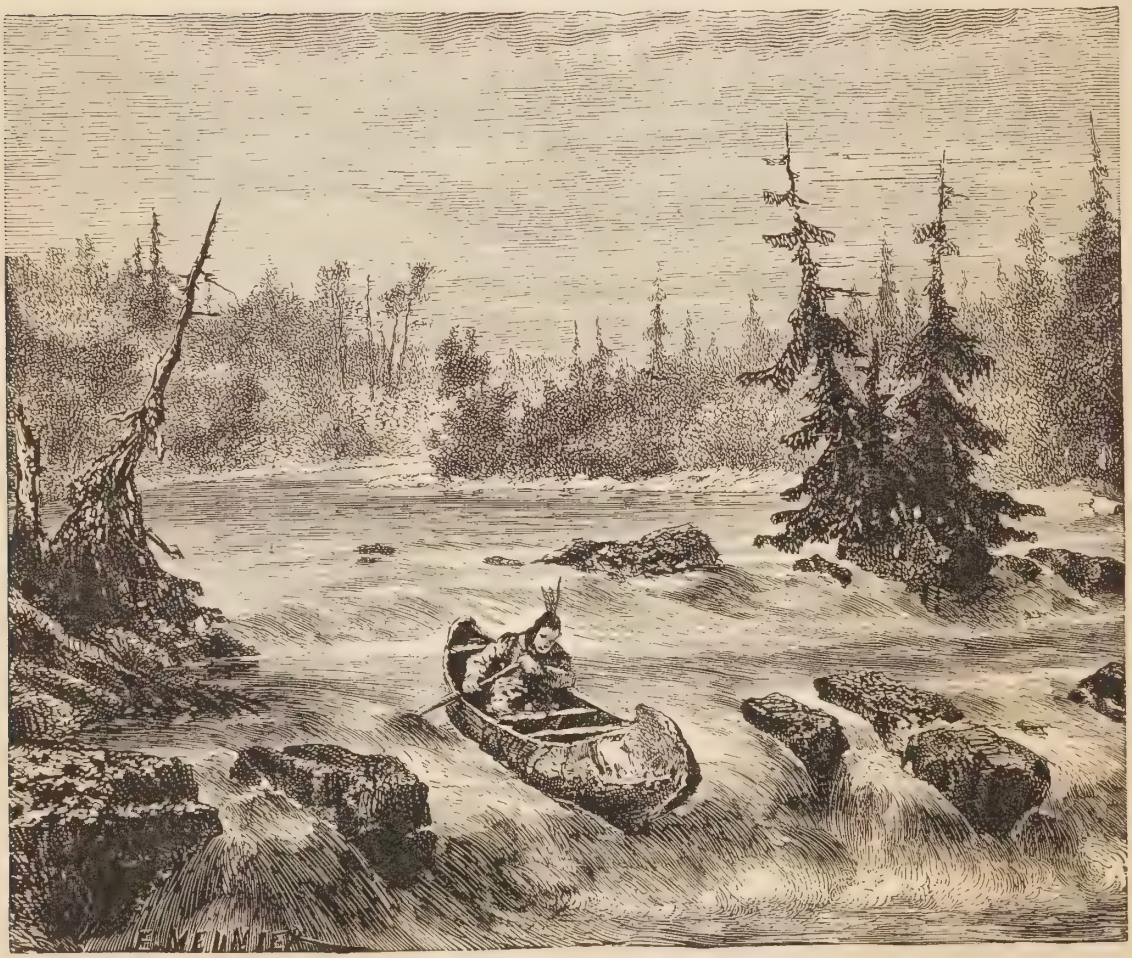
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,

Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy mur-
mur,
Through the tangle of his
whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hia-
watha!"
From the ground the quills
he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them blue and red and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,

Hiawatha's Canoe.

All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily. H. W. Longfellow.



HOW TOM SAWYER PAINTED THE FENCE.

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the side-walk with a bucket of white-wash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence; the gladness went out of nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high! It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he

dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail and singing "Buffalo Gals." Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that, although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour; and even then somebody generally had to go after him. Tom said, "Say, Jim, I'll fetch the water if you'll whitewash some."

Jim shook his head, and said, "Can't, Ma'rs Tom. Ole missis she tole me I got to go an' git dis water, an' not stop foolin' 'roun' wid anybody. She say she spec' Ma'rs Tom gwyne to ax me to whitewash, an' so she tole me go 'long an' 'tend to my own business; she 'lowed *she'd* 'tend to de whitewashin'!"

"Oh, never you mind what she said, Jim. That's the way she always talks. Gimme the bucket; I won't be gone only a minute. *She* won't ever know."

"Oh, I dasn't, Ma'rs Tom. Ole missus she'd take an' tar de head off'n me; 'deed she would."

"*She!* she never licks anybody; whacks 'em over the head with her thimble, and who cares for that, I'd like to know? She talks awful, but talk don't hurt; anyways, it don't if she don't cry. Jim, I'll give you a marble—I'll give you a white alley!"

Jim began to waver.

"White alley, Jim; and it's a bully tow."

"My! dat's a mighty gay marvel, *I* tell you. But, Ma'rs Tom, I's powerful 'fraid of ole missus."

But Jim was only human—this attraction was too much for him. He put down his pail and took the white alley. In another minute he was flying down the street with his pail and a tingling rear, Tom was whitewashing with vigor, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work; the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work maybe, but not enough to buy so much as half an hour of

pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys.

At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him—nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration. He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy of all boys whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop, skip, and jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipation high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard, and rounded-to ponderously, and with laborious pomp and circumstance; for he was personating the *Big Missouri,* and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined; so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane deck, giving the orders and executing them.

"Stop her, sir! Ling-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the side-walk. "Ship up to back! Ling-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides. "Set her back on the stabboard! Ling-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow-chow!" his right hand meantime describ-

ing stately circles, for it was representing a forty-foot wheel. "Let her go back on the labboard! Ling-a-ling-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ling-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over slow! Ling-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line! Lively now! Come, out with your spring-line—what're you about there? Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ling-a-ling-ling!

"Sht! s'sht! sht!" (trying the gauge-cocks).

Tom went on whitewashing, and paid no attention to the steamer. Ben stared a moment, and then said,—

"Hi-yi! You're a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said,—

"Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther work, wouldn't you? 'Course you would."

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said,—

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly,—

"Well, maybe it is and maybe it ain't; all I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily to and fro, stepped back to note the effect, added a touch here and there, criticized the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said,—

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent, but he altered his mind.

"No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes,

she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful. I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No! is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say, I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't, I'm afeard—"

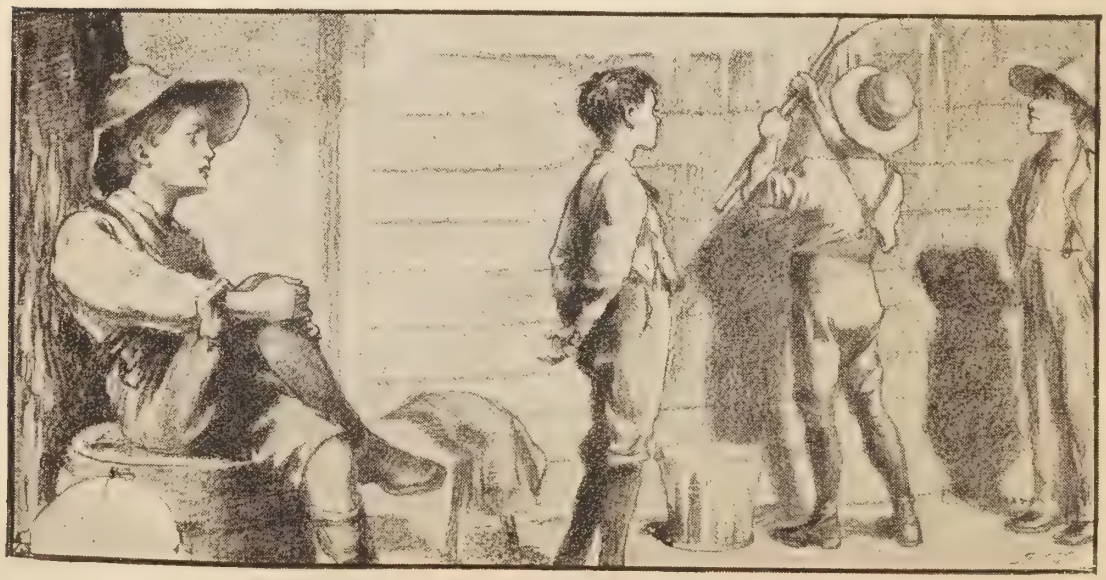
"I'll give you all of it!"

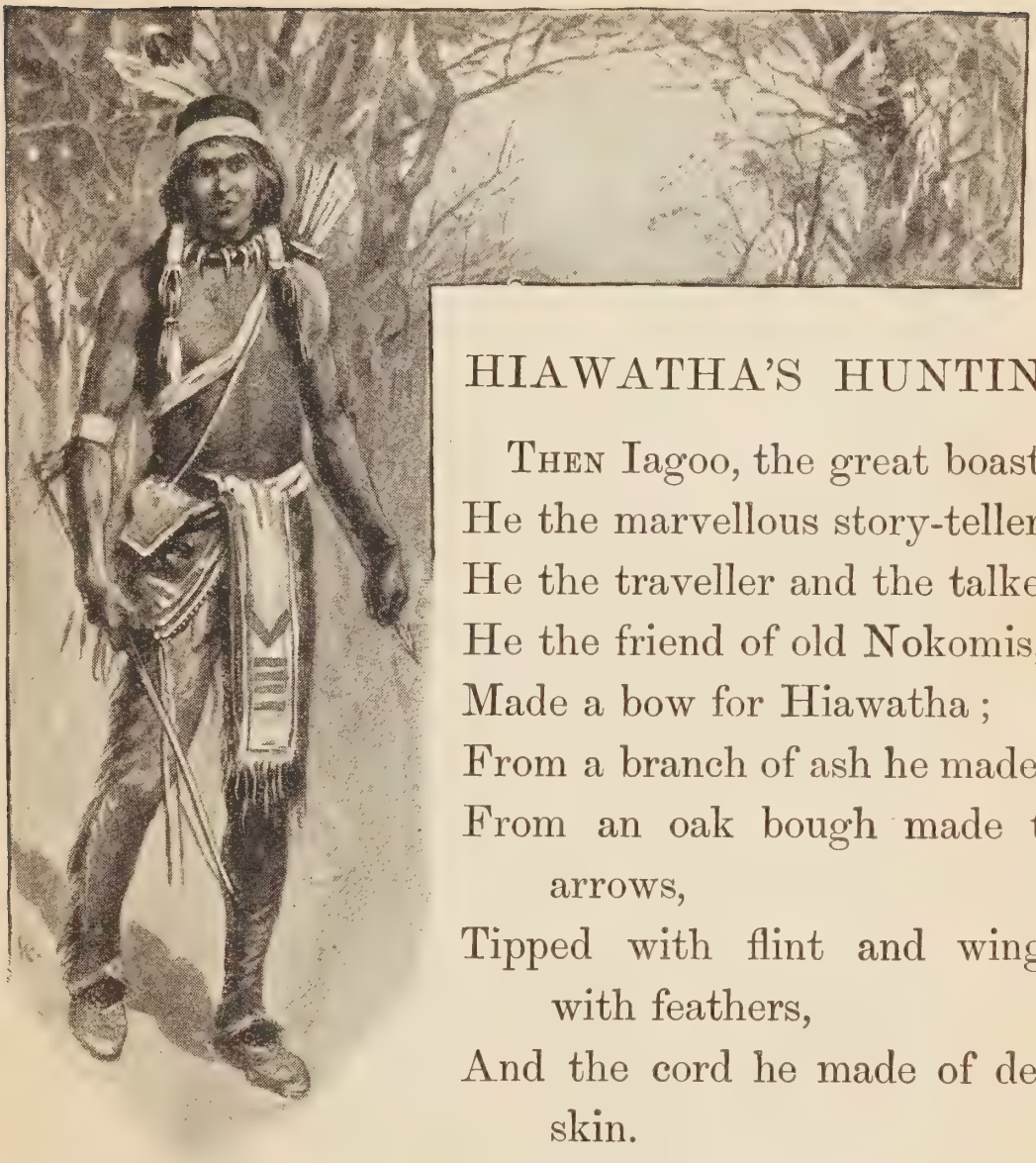
Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but with alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material: boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string

to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a Jew's harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while, plenty of company, and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

MARK TWAIN.

By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.





HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha,—

"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha

Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,—
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,—
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,—
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,—
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downwards to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,

Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow.

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was moved or rustled;
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow.
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward;
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha.

H. W. Longfellow.

FISHING ON THE GREAT BANKS.

In the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of Canada, there is a large island known as Newfoundland. It was "new-found-land" more than four hundred years ago.

Off the eastern shore of this island there is a shallow part of the sea. It has been made shallow in the following way. In the very cold parts of the earth the snow never melts away. Year by year more snow falls, and lies on the ground until it is many feet deep. This snow becomes frozen hard, and is turned into ice.

These great fields of ice move slowly down towards the sea, and when they reach it they jut out into the waves. The sea dashes against them and breaks off huge pieces of ice called icebergs. These float southward until they come to warm water, where they melt.

Now, these great ice-fields plough up the land as they move slowly along. Great rocks become frozen into them, and the icebergs carry these along as they float about in the sea.

Off Newfoundland there is a warm current of water in the ocean. The icebergs are carried into this current, and there they melt. When they melt they drop the stones and earth which they carry. These stones from the cold North have made the "Great Banks."

A current of cold water from the frozen North carries

the icebergs south. It also carries something else, for the seas in the far North are swarming with little creatures which the fish love to feed upon.

The cold current which carries this fish-food meets with the warm current which melts the icebergs off the coast of Newfoundland.

Now you will not be surprised to learn that fish are found in millions on the "Banks of Newfoundland."

The fish which is most plentiful is the cod. Men catch these codfish from little boats, with lines and hooks or in nets. When their boats are full, they carry the fish to the little sailing ships in which they live.

Then the men set to work to split the cod. One man cuts the fish open; another takes out the liver, cuts off the head, and cleans it out. A third man takes out the backbone and drops the fish into a tub of water. When the hold is full of salted fish the ship sails for home.

On shore the fish are dried, and are packed ready to be sent to foreign countries. There are also factories where cod-liver oil is made.

Perhaps you have had cod-liver oil given to you. When next you taste it or see it, remember that it is the gift of the frozen North. From the lands where the snow never melts come the tiny creatures that cod-fish like to eat. From them, too, come the icebergs which have made the sea shallow.

Fishing on the Great Banks.

CHANGING PLACES.

THERE was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough.

"But you must milk the Tidy cow
For fear that she go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;
And you must mind the speckled hen
For fear she lay away;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough:
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow;
But Tidy hinched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"High! Tidy, ho! Tidy, high!
Tidy, do stand still;
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'Twill be sore against my will!"
He went to feed the little pigs
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen
For fear she'd lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.
So he cried to the sun, the moon, and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
"If my wife doesn't do a day's work in my life,
She shall ne'er be ruled by me." *Old Rhyme.*

A BAND OF HEROES.

Many tales have been told of the heroes of Greece and Rome and other European lands, who did brave deeds for their country, or laid down their lives to save it from an enemy. Let me tell you of a noble deed done in our own country of Canada by a band of men as brave as ever lived.

It was in the early days of Canada, when our western prairies were still unknown to the white man. Bands of settlers from France had come over to live in this land of ours, and they had built a fort where the great city of Montreal now stands.

Some of the Indians were friendly to the new settlers; others, however, had joined together, and were on the war-path against them, determined not to leave a white man alive in Canada.

It was a time of great danger. What could the handful of white men do against the thousands of the fierce Iroquois? Even the walls of their fort would not save them from such an attack.

Among the French was a young hero known as Adam Dollard, who was ready to give up his own life for his friends if only he could check this torrent of savage attack which threatened them.

He gathered together a band of men like himself,

every man a hero; and though there were only sixteen of them, they went out to meet the Indian host. First of all they knelt to pray for God's blessing on their work, for each man knew well that this would be his last fight.

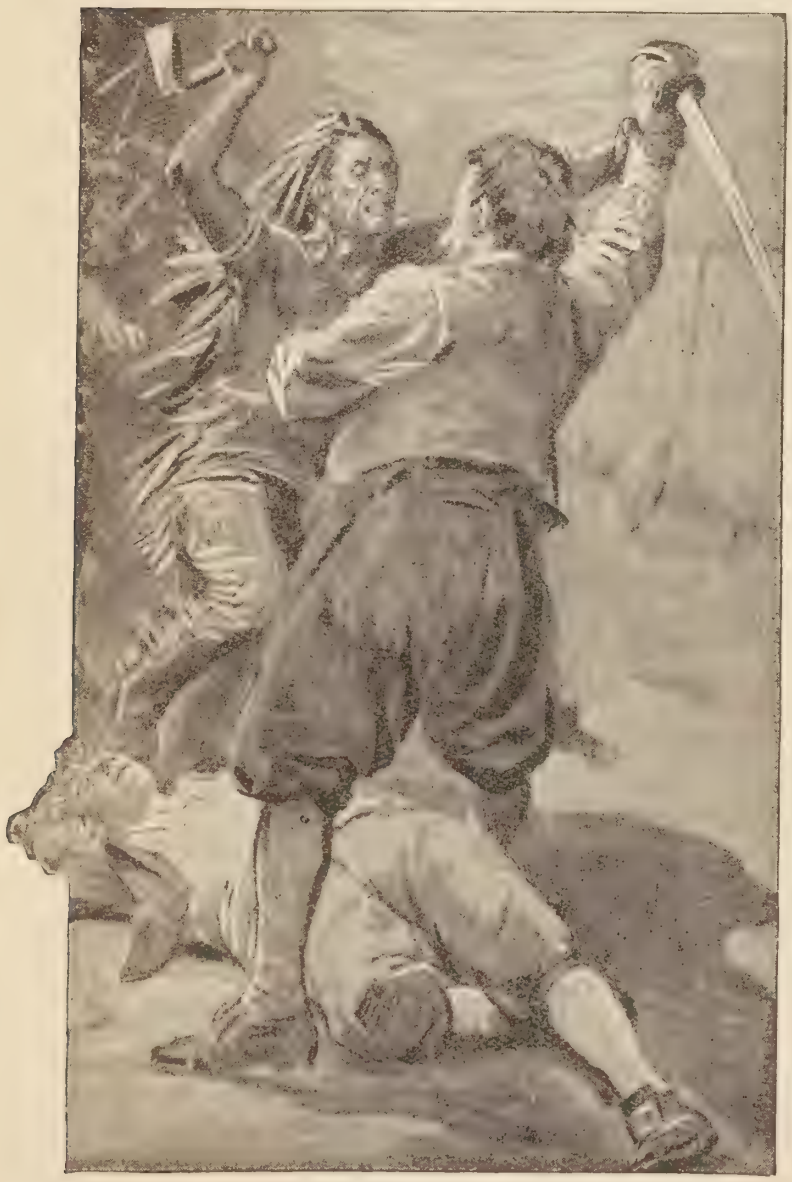
They went a little way up the Ottawa River, until they came to an old Indian fort which the enemy must pass. This fort they repaired as well as they could, and there they waited for the foe. A few friendly Indians came to their aid, wondering much at the courage of the Paleface warriors.

Soon the Iroquois horde arrived, and rushed forward to sweep these few white men out of their path. But the steady fire of Dollard and his brave companions drove them back. Again and again they came on. In vain they hurled themselves against the stockade; it was death to approach its walls.

So fierce was the attack, however, that the friendly Indians lost heart and fled, all but one Huron chief and four Algonquins. Yet the band of heroes stood firm, and not a shot was wasted.

For three terrible days this fight went on. But now food and water were gone, and the end was near. The only hope of Dollard was to delay the Iroquois a few hours longer, that his people in Montreal might be the better prepared for them.

The Indians were at a loss what to do. They had lost so many men that some were ready to give up the fight and go back to their lodges. But the disgrace of being beaten by a few white men was too much for them to face. They would storm the fort, cost what it might.



A general attack was then made. So many dead lay outside the stockade that the Indians were able to mount on their bodies and leap over the fence. Then, in a terrible hand-to-hand fight, Dollard and his sixteen noble friends were at last struck down by the crowd of their savage foes.

This was the end, but their lives had not been wasted.

The Indians had been taught a sharp lesson. If these few white men had held their army so long at bay, and had killed so many of their best warriors, what would happen if they should attack the strong fort of Montreal with all its defenders? They stopped their march and returned home, and so the little Canadian colony was saved.

Dollard and his noble band still live in our memory. Theirs was true heroism and true patriotism. Without counting the cost to themselves, they were willing to lay down their lives for their friends and to die for their new country.

SONG OF THE GOLDEN SEA.

Sing, ye ripening fields of wheat,
Sing to the breezes passing by,
Sing your jubilant song and sweet,
Sing to the earth, the air, the sky!

Earth that held thee and skies that kissed
Morning and noon and night for long,
Sun and rain and dew and mist,
All that has made you glad and strong!

The harvest fields of the far, far west
Stretch out a shimmering sea of gold!

Song of the Golden Sea.

Every ripple upon its breast
Sings peace and plenty, and wealth untold!

Far as the eye can reach it goes,
Farther yet, till there seems no end,
Under a sky where blue and rose
With the gold and turquoise softly blend.

Here, where sweep the prairies lone,
Broad and beautiful in God's eyes,
Here in this young land, all our own,
The garner-house of the Old World lies.

JEAN BLEWETT.

From "The Cornflower and Other Poems," by permission.

QUEER WAYS OF DOING THINGS.

China has been called "topsy-turvy land," because many of the ways of its people are the very opposite to ours.

When a Chinaman meets a friend, he shakes his own hand and not the hand of his friend. If he wants a man to keep away from him, he makes the sign which we use when we wish him to come to us.

When he is told that a relation is dead he laughs. A Chinese bride always cries at her wedding.

You take off your hat when you go into a house. If you go into a Chinaman's house he will at once put on his hat.

At a Chinese dinner the chief guest is placed on the left and not on the right of the host. Dinner begins with dessert and ends with soup and rice. We tie up the dogs; in some places in China the cats are tied up.

We blacken our shoes all over, but the Chinese whiten the soles of theirs. We do not like to be looked at when we are doing anything; the Chinese like all their doings to be seen. We wear black clothes when we are in mourning; the Chinese wear white.

If a British boy is puzzled he scratches his head; a Chinese boy scratches his foot.

Chinese babies are carried, not in the arms of their mothers, but on their backs.

In a Chinese school the boys turn their backs to the teacher when they repeat a lesson.

The Chinese do not say north-east, north-west, south-east, south-west, but east-north, west-north, east-south, west-south. They say that the compass points to the south and not to the north.

Chinamen row their boats facing the way in which they are going, and do not turn their backs to the bow as we do.

A Chinaman mounts his horse from the off side

instead of the near. He puts his right foot into the stirrup first, and he holds the reins in his right hand.

Stockings are knitted from the toe upwards. The beginning of a Chinese book is where a Western book ends. It is read from right to left and from bottom to top.

The Chinese arrange their dates with the year first, the month next, and the day last. If papers are fastened together, the last is put on the top. In Chinese pictures things in the distance are bigger than those in front, and not smaller as with us.

The Chinese put the family name before what we call the Christian name. Thus they would write "Smith John," not "John Smith."

In Chinese towns the drains are on the surface, not underground as with us. The Chinese never drink cold water.

With us pawnbrokers' shops are a sign of a poor neighborhood. In China they show a well-to-do part of the town. The people use them for storing their winter clothes in summer and their summer clothes in winter.

In our country a lady goes into a room before a man, and in all things she is put first. But in China she is considered of no account whatever, and no respect is shown to her.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

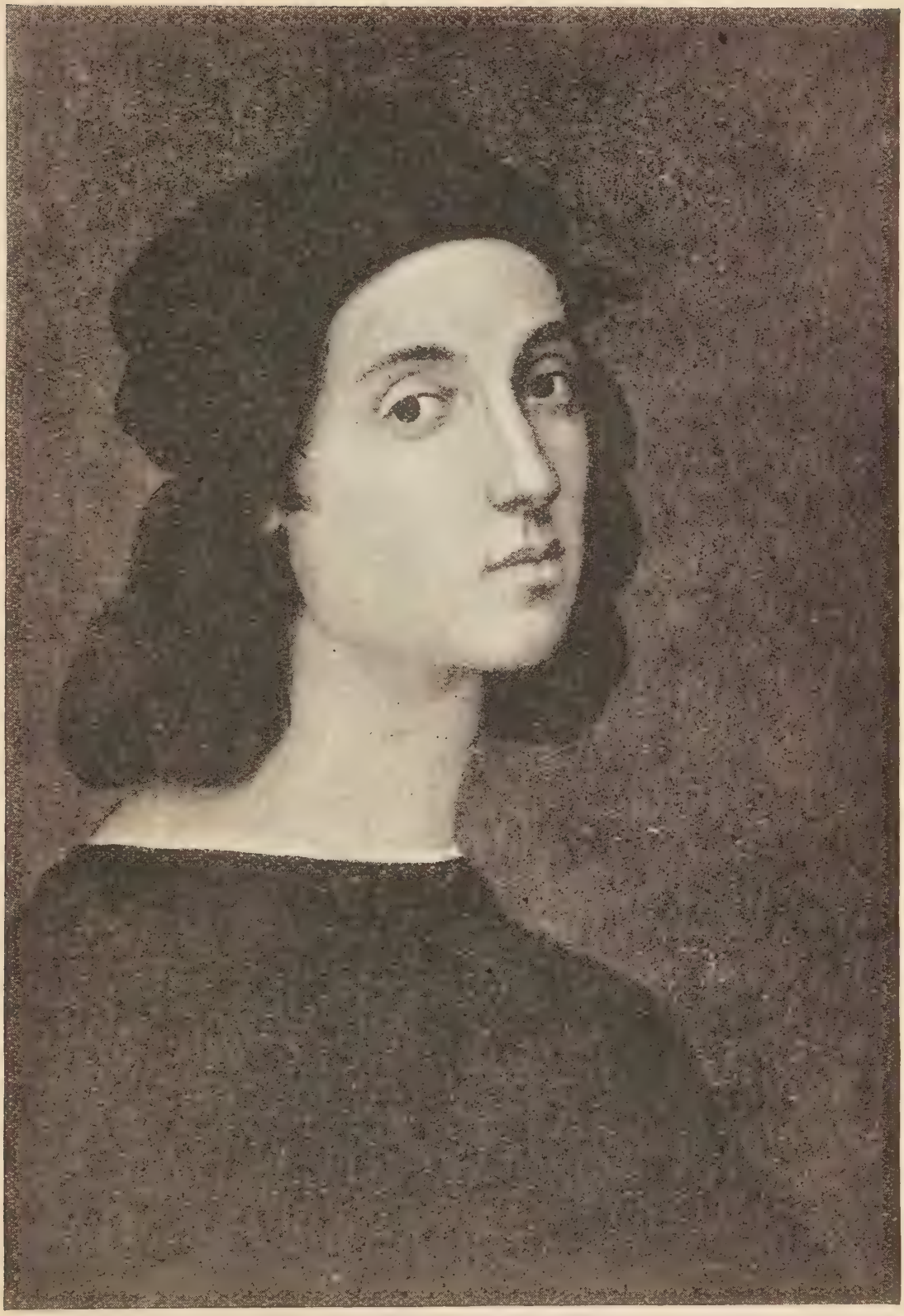
The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night:
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched, and poor,
That voice of the Christ Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

Phillips Brooks.



Portrait of Raphael.—*Raphael.*

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

From its position in the Far East, Japan is known as the "Land of the Rising Sun." It is not, like Canada, a large stretch of country, but is a land made up of many islands.

Its inhabitants are a wonderful people. Most of the peoples of Asia are very backward, and have no wish to copy the more advanced Western nations. Not so the Japanese. They are learning everything that the people of the West can teach them. They are first-rate sailors, and they have a fine navy. You will remember that

both on land and sea they soundly beat the Russians in a recent war. Japan and Britain are allies—that is, they have agreed to defend each other if they are attacked by more than one nation at a time.

Many of the people still wear their native dress, and still keep to their simple and pretty ways. The country itself is very beautiful, and the people love beauty in all its forms. A working man in Japan will stop as he walks along to admire a branch drooping over a wall. A chimney-sweep will stop to admire the beautiful shape of a vase in a shop. All the Japanese love flowers, and they grow them very well. When the cherry blossom, or the wistaria, or the iris, or the chrysanthemum is in bloom, the people make holiday and troop in thousands to the gardens to see the flowers. The chrysanthemum is the national flower of Japan. You will see it on Japanese postage stamps.

The Japs, as we often call them, are very clever and painstaking. Some of their wares, such as lacquer and enamel, are the finest in the world. They carve wood and ivory splendidly, and they love their work. Once a Jap had spent years and years on a piece of work, and was nearly finishing it. An Englishman said to him, "Are you not sorry to part with the work which has been part of your life so long?" The Jap shook his head. "No," he said, "for I expect the next will be more beautiful."

This is the right spirit in which to work. Your work will become a delight to you if you do it in the spirit of this Jap.

On Japanese fans and in Japanese pictures you are almost sure to see the sacred mountain of Japan. It is shaped like a perfect sugar-loaf, and its top is covered with snow. There is no more beautiful mountain in the whole world. It is a volcano, but has not shown any signs of life for many years.

Hardly a day passes without an earthquake. In olden times the Japs thought that earthquakes were caused by a big fish bumping against their islands. Now they know much better, and they have instruments which measure the force of the earthquakes.

"The sacred mountain of Japan."

THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! you may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador,
From the icy bridge of the Northern Seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

The Frost Spirit.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on where the fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round when that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ON A TEA PLANTATION.

The shriek of a steam whistle in Assam! We are startled; we hardly expected to hear such a sound in this land of sweltering heat. All day long "the sun, like a ball of fire, has sailed through a sea of brass." Now, as the hands of the clock point to six and the sun nears the horizon, that shriek rends the air. What does it mean?

Look at that long line of Indian women slowly wending their way among the rows of bushes in the adjoining tea-garden. Their gay robes, lit up by the sinking sun,

reflect every color of the rainbow. On her head each woman carries a basket filled with tea-leaves. A merry hum of voices reaches us; the heat does not seem to oppress them as it does us. Hark! They are singing. The refrain is sweet though plaintive.

With the exception of a two hours' rest during the hottest part of the day, these women have worked in the open air since sunrise. Now the welcome though unmusical sound of that whistle tells the laborers that rest has been won, and they proceed to the factory with their afternoon's pluckings.

Picking.

We speak of a *tea-garden*, but the term is somewhat misleading; this garden covers a space of three or four thousand acres. The shrubs are planted in regular rows, each plant being about five feet distant from its neighbor. A tea-garden requires three things—rich soil, moist heat, and skilful labor; and of these three, labor is not the least important.

Gangs of coolies—men, women, and children—under "sirdars" or overseers, are employed all the year round,

both in outdoor work and in the factory. The outdoor work consists of hoeing, making drains, cutting firewood, weeding, plucking, and pruning. In the factory the leaves are withered, rolled, dried, sorted, and packed.

The tea-gathering season begins with the March rains, and lasts till the second week of December. In March, the rain makes the leaf-buds swell and open. In the third week the "first flush" may be seen—that is, four or five leaves have appeared on each shoot—and plucking then begins.

Tea plant: leaf and flower.

The top bud may be taken with one, two, or three leaves, according as fine, medium, or coarse tea is desired. The bud and the first two delicate leaves—"two and a bud"—is the part that is usually taken. In China and Japan it is the leaves of the "first flush" that produce the highest class of tea.

From May till September rain falls in deluges, and is quickly dried up by the broiling sun. The damp, hot atmosphere is most trying to the white "sahib," but is well suited to encourage flushing in the tea-plants. In a good season there may be a flush every five days or so, and when there is a rush of leaf, all hands—men, women, and children—are called to assist in the plucking.

If the rain be too abundant, or if want of drainage causes the water to lie about the roots, the plant suffers, and flushing is hindered. If the rain be scanty, the soil becomes dry and parched, and flushing is rare.

In September the rains cease, but October is often one of the best months for leaf. Towards the end of that month the bushes flower. They bear a dainty, fragrant white flower, which at one time was plucked for the preparation of tea. About the second week of December flushes cease, and the tea season is over.

The cold-weather work now begins, and the chief part of this is pruning. Most tea-plants require to be cut down every sixth year to within six inches of the ground. They are then smeared with a mixture of warm tar and beeswax, to prevent damp from lodging in crevices and rotting the wood. These plants do not yield much leaf next season, but in succeeding years the quantity of leaf produced shows the benefit of this severe treatment.

A tea-planter has many risks, apart from the frequent failure of the rains. There is always the danger of blights. Lichen and fungus, too, may destroy the plants, so bands of children are constantly employed in scraping these growths from the stems with pointed sticks.

There are also the losses caused by caterpillars and insects. When these appear, scores of youngsters, aged

about three or four, are told off to capture them. This they do very cleverly by means of a straw, which they insert into every likely-looking hole in the ground, in order to find out whether or not an insect is "at home" there. In this way they manage to unearth some scores a day, for which they receive a few coppers.

THE FACTORY.

Long ago, we are told, all roads led to Rome. Here all roads lead to the "factory," as that long range of buildings is called. If we are brave enough to visit the tea-factory in this sweltering heat, we shall see the fresh green leaves being changed into the crisp black "tea leaves" that are so familiar.

There is a central building—the tea-house proper—which contains the machinery, the fermenting-floor, the sorting and the packing rooms, and the office of the white "sahib" or master. The upper story has rooms

In a Tea Garden.

in which the green leaves are withered by means of hot air. This is often necessary during the rains, when the wet leaf cannot be dried quickly enough, and is in danger of becoming sour or turning "red."

Grouped around the main building are a number of smaller buildings. The boiler-house, the furnaces, the blacksmith's shop, the tinsmith's shop, and the joiner's shop are all there. There are also houses with several floors and a wide roof, but without walls. These are the withering-houses. Each story has from six to eight tiers of withering trays, about a foot apart.

Now let us follow these sweet-voiced, gaily-dressed coolie women as they gather from all parts of the garden at the tea-house. As her name is called, each woman brings up her basket to be weighed, and the "sahib" at the desk makes a note of the number of pounds brought in.

This goes on quietly but briskly, till suddenly the "sirdar," or native overseer, calls a halt. A basket is suspiciously heavy. The leaves are turned over, and below them is found a piece of wet cloth or a stone, or perhaps the basket has been dipped in water to make it heavier. The culprit is ordered off to "sort" her leaves, and in order that her offence may not be repeated, a fine of a day's wage is imposed. Then all goes on quietly once more.

THE "WHITE SAHIB'S" HOUSE.

When the weighing is over, each woman passes on to the withering-house with her load, and empties it into a wire tray. Gangs of children, aged from five to ten, are sometimes employed here, though the work is generally done by men. They spread the leaves evenly on the trays, in order that the air may pass freely through them.

If the weather is good and the leaf not too wet, the withering process should be completed in six hours. A native overseer takes up a handful of leaves and squeezes them tightly. If when he opens his hand the leaves adhere and form a ball, the withering is done. The floors are then cleared, and the withered leaves are carried off in baskets to the rolling-machine.

Thirty or forty minutes in this machine squeezes out

all the juice from the leaves, and gives each leaf a roll or curl. Rolling was formerly done by hand, and eighty pounds was considered a good day's work for a man. A machine will now turn out two or three times as much in an hour.

Leaf withering.

The fermenting-floor is the next stage in the journey of the leaf, which is now getting yellow in color. In this cool, dark place it is spread evenly out, covered with a wet cloth, and left till it is "fermented" by the action of the air and the moisture. This process takes from two to eight hours, according to the quality of the leaf. When the overseer decides that the leaf is sufficiently fermented, it is rolled a second time, to restore the curl that may have been lost.

Fermenting floor.

Then comes the difficult and delicate business of drying or "firing" the leaf. This stops fermentation, and

drives off the moisture, but leaves the substances which give the tea its flavor. The leaf is passed rapidly through two drying-machines, the first of which is extremely hot.

The "fired" tea has next to be sorted. This is done by the older coolies. The sorting-room is covered with sheets of tin plate, and divided by low wooden partitions into spaces about twenty feet square. In these spaces the tea is placed, and the sorters pick it over to remove "red leaf" and bits of rubbish of all kinds. Before sorting it is put through a sieve, which separates the fine leaves from the coarser ones.

The sorted tea is now fired a second time, and allowed to cool in a dry place under cloths. It is then immediately packed in air-tight "chests" or boxes, and dispatched as soon as possible to the London market.

SORTING AND PACKING.

WHERE IS THE BRITON'S HOME?

WHERE is the Briton's home?
Where the free step can roam,
Where the free sun can glow,
Where a free air can blow,
Where a free ship can bear
Hope and strength—everywhere
Wave upon wave can roll,
East and west, pole to pole,
Where a free step can roam—
There is the Briton's home!

Where is the Briton's home?
Where the brave heart can come,
Where labor wins a soil,
Where a stout heart can toil—
Any fair seed is sown—
Where gold or fame is won,
Where never sets the sun,
Where a brave heart can come—
There is the Briton's home!

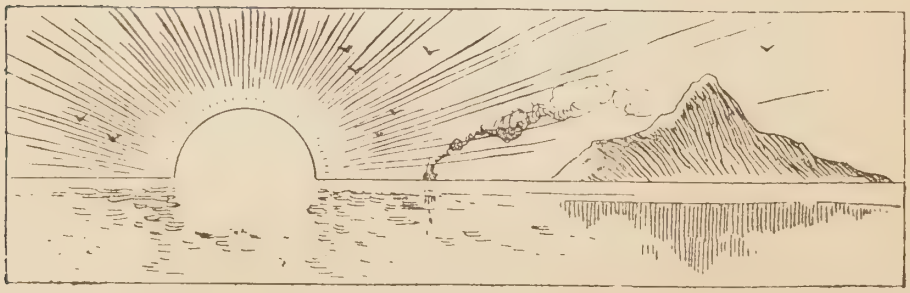
Where is the Briton's home?
Where the mind's light can come—

Where is the Briton's Home?

Where our God's holy word
Breaks on the savage herd;
Where a new flock is won
To the bright Shepherd-One;
Where the church bell can toll,
Where soul can comfort soul,
Where holy Faith can come—
There is the Briton's home!

Where is the Briton's home?
Where man's great law can come,
Where the great truth can speak,
Where the slave's chain can break,
Where the white's scourge can cease,
Where the black dwells in peace,
Where, from his angel-hall,
God sees us brothers all—
Where light and freedom come—
There is the Briton's home!

LORD LYTTON.



RUINS IN THE FORUM, ROME.

CINCINNATUS.

It was a time of great rejoicing in Rome: glorious victories had been won by her soldiers abroad, and the Romans were always ready to pay homage to the brave men who fought for the honor of their country.

Late in the afternoon of one of these festal days five dusty horsemen hurried through the city, and made their way in all haste to the Senate. Soon the tidings they had brought were known to all, and rejoicing was changed to mourning as the news spread that the honor of Rome was at stake.

Roman officer.

The messengers told how the Roman troops, led by an inexperienced consul, had been surrounded by the Æquians, who were bitter enemies of Rome. Deep ditches had been dug and mounds had been built all around the Roman camp, so that the army was closely shut in and in great danger. At the risk of their lives, the five horsemen had managed to pass the enemy's guards and make their way to Rome to ask for aid.

The Senate resolved that the best and bravest general in the city must be chosen as Dictator, and be sent to save Rome's honor. Only one man could be thought of. This was Cincinnatus, an old soldier of noble family, who had retired to a little farm, where he spent his time in ploughing, sowing, and reaping.

A party of senators went in search of him, and found him ploughing in the field. In great haste they greeted him, and told him of his country's need. They implored him to come to Rome at once, become their Dictator, and lead an army to the camp of the Æquians to set the Romans free. Cincinnatus was old and weary of warfare. He would have preferred to remain on his little farm; but he was a

Roman soldier.

Roman, and so he left his oxen standing in the furrow, and hastened with the senators to Rome.

Standard-bearer.

Arrived in the Forum, he called the citizens to arms. He commanded that all men who were able to fight should come together before sunset on the Field of Mars. Each man was to come armed, and to bring with him twelve wooden stakes and food enough for five days. The Romans were glad to have a good leader, and hastened to obey him. As the sun sank that evening the little army was ready; and when the voice of the general cried, "Make haste, standard-bearers; march on, soldiers!" the brave troops echoed the cry, "Make haste, standard-bearers; march on, soldiers!" as they left the city behind.

By marching all night, Cincinnatus brought his men in the rear of the Æquians and placed them in a circle around the camp. He commanded that when the signal was given each man should shout as loud as he could, and then should set to work to make a ditch in front of himself and set up his twelve stakes to defend it.

At early dawn the Æquians and the besieged Romans were astonished to hear a mighty shout, and to see that formidable line of armed men facing them. The Æquians

saw that resistance was useless, for they were now between two armies of angry Romans; so after a brief struggle they offered to surrender.

Cincinnatus accepted their offer of peace, but let them go only after they had given up their arms and spoil and had "passed under the yoke." This was considered a great disgrace, and the Æquians would never have submitted to it if they had not been compelled to do so in order to save their lives.

The yoke was formed of two spears standing in the ground, with a third spear tied across their tops. The conquerors were drawn up in two long lines facing each other, and the defeated soldiers marched between the lines and under the yoke, receiving as they passed the taunts and blows of the victorious Romans.

Cincinnatus had done his great work, and he marched with the two armies back to Rome. He entered the city in triumph, and was met by throngs of rejoicing people. The army in loving gratitude presented him with a golden crown; but Cincinnatus at once laid aside the title of Dictator, and joyfully hastened back to his farm, where he continued to live quietly and simply, as if he had never held that great office or enjoyed that glorious victory.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

I.

"WHAT fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the king to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am bound:
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistledown,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.'"

Then the brow of the king swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

II.

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
I pray you give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The king's head dropped upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
"'Twill be my dog," he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin:
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III.

As the king rode in at his castle gate
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her eyes as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

"She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear." (P. 324.)

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she:
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

J. Russell Lowell.

Prince Arthur and Hubert.— *Yeames.*

(*See* SHAKESPEARE'S *King John, iv. 1.*)

AN OSTRICH FARM.

Scattered over the sandy plains of South Africa are numerous ostrich farms, where these huge running birds are bred and kept in captivity for the sake of their beautiful feathers.

Formerly the only way to secure these highly prized feathers was to hunt and kill the bird on which they grew. If this extremely wasteful method had continued, the ostrich would soon have become extinct. About the year 1857, however, ostrich-farming was tried, and proved successful. An incubator, or hot chamber for hatching the eggs, was invented; and now the industry has become a very important one, and ostrich feathers are largely exported from South Africa.

A large ostrich farm is a most interesting sight. It is enclosed by a ring fence of strong wire some six feet high, and is divided into "camps" of different sizes. Some of the camps near the homestead are set apart for the young birds hatched in the incubators, while smaller camps of twenty-five acres are occupied by single pairs of old birds, who can be trusted to hatch and rear their own chicks. The rest of the ostriches roam at will over great fields, each containing several hundred acres.

An ostrich egg is as big and as heavy as two dozen ordinary hen's eggs. The nest in which it is laid is

OSTRICHES ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

merely a hollow, a yard or so across, scooped out in a sandy place. The mother ostrich lays from ten to seventeen eggs, and the parent birds take turns in sitting on them. The young birds do not hatch for six weeks, and during that time the nest is in constant danger from baboons, carrion crows, jackals, and other prowling creatures.

The little chicks in the home camps are tended by

Kaffirs. It is the duty of these nurses to supply their charges with plenty of chopped lucern, fine gravel, and nicely broken bones, all of which are necessary for rearing the young ostriches. Then they must see that the birds are not exposed to cold or wet; and at sunset, or when the first sign of a coming storm is observed, they must march them off to a warm, dry, well-lighted room with a clean-sanded floor. So many jackals and other wild animals are on the lookout for a meal of ostrich, that a man is constantly employed to set traps and lay poison for them.

Though the ostrich is the largest of all birds, his wings are so small in proportion to his body that he cannot lift himself off the ground. In running he spreads out his wings like sails, and so manages to travel as quickly as an express train. He soon tires, however; and as he runs in zigzags, he may be hunted by men on horseback, who ride straight forward, and thus get within shooting distance.

It is not safe to stroll through an ostrich farm without some means of defence. A thorny branch is all that is needed, and with this protection one may walk safely amongst the birds. An angry male ostrich is a dangerous fellow, so one must be on the watch, and as soon as the bird charges, ward him off with the branch. He dare not thrust his head among the thorns, so he keeps

on dodging round and round in the hope of catching his visitor unawares.

Should the ostrich manage to get to close quarters, up goes his foot; and he gives a heavy downward kick, which would knock down the strongest man, and probably break some bones. The kick is most dangerous at a height of about four feet, and many people, when suddenly attacked by an ostrich, have saved themselves by lying down flat. The bird cannot then do much harm, but will content himself with trampling upon his enemy until driven off.

At the proper season the full-grown ostriches are driven by mounted men, each armed with a thorn branch, into "plucking boxes," which are enclosures just big enough to hold an ostrich, and leave him no room for kicking. Then the business of plucking or cutting off the long feathers begins, and is carried on with the greatest care, so as to avoid injuring the birds.

The feathers come from the wings and the tail of the birds only, the body feathers being small and of little use. The beautiful white plumes, so highly prized all over the world, grow in the ends of the wings of the male birds, and are cut off as soon as they arrive at perfection. The black and drab feathers, which are less valuable, are not plucked out until they are ready to be shed.

CHRISTMAS.

By a beautiful road our Christmas comes,
A road full twelve months long,
And every mile is as warm as a smile,
And every hour is a song.
Flower and flake and cloud and sun,
And the winds that riot and sigh,
Have their work to do ere the dreams come true,
And Christmas glows in the sky.

To the beautiful home our Christmas comes,
The home that is safe and sweet,
With its door ajar for the beam of the Star,
And its corner for love's retreat.
There the mark on the wall for the golden head
Is higher a bit, we know;
Between Christmas coming and Christmas sped
There's time for the bairn to grow.

'Tis a beautiful time when Christmas comes
All up the street and down,
For hearts alight make faces bright
When Christmas comes to town.
Neighbor and friend in gladness meet,
And all are neighbors dear,

When the Christmas peace bids evil cease
In the holiest day of the year.

The fair white fields in silence lie,
Invisible angels go
Over the floor that sparkles hoar
With the glitter of frost and snow.
They scatter the sweetest balm of heaven
Wherever on earth they stay,
And heaven's own store of bliss they pour
On the earth each Christmas Day.

'Tis a beautiful task our Christmas brings
For old and young to share,
With jingle of bells, and silvery swells
Of music in the air.
To make the sad world merry awhile,
And to frighten sin away,
And to bless us all, whatever befall,
Is the task of Christmas Day.

M. E. Sangster.

CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD.

One clear winter morning, Alexander Stewart, or "Sandy" as he was usually called, started to visit his traps in a wooded valley a few miles from his home. He took with him his field-glass and his rifle, in the hope of finding a deer. His elder brother, Donald or Don, went off with a sledge for a load of wood.

The Stewarts were Scottish settlers in a thinly-peopled part of the great North-West of Canada. Since their father's death, a year before, the two boys had managed the farm for their mother.

Before Don returned, snow had begun to fall quietly in broad, soft flakes. He was busy sawing up the wood, when a sudden swirl of colder air startled him. He stopped, and hurried into the house.

"Mother," he said, "there is a storm coming. I had better take the pony and ride out to meet Sandy."

Quickly he threw on a thick overcoat, and pulled his cap well over his ears. He turned as he reached the door.

"If I don't meet Sandy on this side of Sam Johnson's house, we may stay there for the night. You won't mind that, mother, will you?"

"Not a bit," was the cheerful answer. "I have plenty of food and plenty of firewood. I shall be cosy enough here if you shouldn't come home for a week."

A minute later Donald was off. He knew that his brother would take the road which led past the Johnsons' house, two miles from theirs. The snow now came down in fine, sand-like particles, so thick that the boy could hardly see the path. The gusts of wind came ever stronger and stronger, making him gasp for breath, and with all the haste that he could make, it was an hour before he reached his neighbors' house.

"Have you seen anything of Sandy?" he cried, as Sam Johnson came out in answer to his knocking.

"He passed this way in the morning," was the answer. "But come in at once; you will never find him in this blizzard."

"No, no; I must find Sandy," was the only reply, as the boy once more sprang to the saddle.

It was more by good fortune than by his rider's skill that the pony kept the track, for it was but rarely that any landmark could be seen. How the boy's heart leaped with joy when, after another half-hour of struggle, the pony suddenly stopped, and he heard a cheery shout, "Hurrah, Donnie! I knew you'd come to meet me if you could."

"Jump up behind, Sandy; there's not a moment to lose," said his brother. "We must try to reach Sam Johnson's if we can."

The pony's head was turned, but to guide him was

now impossible. They could not see, they could scarcely breathe. Don bent his head to the pony's mane, and Sandy pressed his face against his brother's back, while the wearied animal stumbled on through the swirling and ever deepening drifts.

After what seemed hours of wandering, the pony stopped close under the lee of some building. They

groped along the walls till they reached a door, which opened by a latch. The shelter was so delightful that the boys danced and shouted for joy. Their next thought was for the pony, but when they went to seek him he was already out of sight, and they dared not go out to search.

The house belonged to a young settler who had gone off to earn money during the winter. It was only a mile from the Johnsons' homestead. There were a bed and other furniture, a stove and cooking utensils, a heap of dry wood in a corner, and a lamp full of oil. All that the boys now needed was a fire. But they had no matches, and they searched the room in vain to find some. Tired, hungry, and cold, there was nothing for it but to cover themselves up with the rugs which they found on the bed, and go to sleep.

Next morning the boys found that the snowfall had ceased. The wind blew more wildly than ever, and the cold was intense. The drifting snow swept the prairie in an icy tempest that no human being could have faced, and yet overhead the sky was cloudless and bright. This was the terrible "blizzard" of the North American plains.

The cold, even within the house, was more than the boys could endure. Don forced Sandy to put on his thick overcoat, and covered his own shoulders with the rug. They moved about, stamped their feet, and clapped

their hands for warmth, but all in vain. Death by freezing seemed to stare them in the face.

"Sandy," said Don, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder, "we can't stand this long. I must venture out for help."

Sandy burst into tears, and begged him to stay, that they might at least die together.

"Think of mother, Sandy. I may struggle through to Sam Johnson's and send you help," Don went on, as he took off the rug and wrapped it round his brother.

Don could not make up his mind what was best to be done. He stood by the window, where the bright sunshine was streaming in. Without thinking of what he was doing, he took up Sandy's field-glass and drew it from its case, when the sunlight, glancing on its lenses, seemed to flash a sudden idea into the boy's brain.

"Get paper, Sandy—anything that will burn. We shall have a fire yet!" he cried, as he began to unscrew the large object glass.

Sandy took an old newspaper from a shelf and held it steady, while his brother held the lens so that it acted like a burning-glass, throwing the sun's rays in a bright spot on the paper. A curl of blue smoke at once arose, and a tiny black hole was burnt in the paper, as if a match had been held to it.

"Bring a pan and plenty of kindling wood," was the

next order, and in a few minutes a frying-pan with small, dry chips and pieces of paper was ready. But the material would not catch fire; hole after hole was burnt in it, and smoke came freely, but no flame.

Sandy next took a cartridge from his pouch, and opened it carefully. He put a few grains of the powder amongst the chips, and added pieces of paper dipped in oil from the lamp. The powder took fire readily, but it only blackened the bits of fuel and threw them about. The boys were again in despair, and Don once more spoke of trying to reach the next house to find help.

"Let us have one more try with this," Sandy pleaded. He found an old rag, blackened and oily, which had been used to clean the lamp chimney. Don held the glass over it, but with the same result—nothing but smoke.

"We are only wasting time, Sandy," said his brother. "My fingers are nearly frozen already."

"Just once more, Don," was the reply. "I'll blow hard on the rag while you hold the glass and keep it smoking."

They crushed the oily rag into a firm wad, and Don held the glass steady until a hole was made well into its heart. Then Sandy blew with all his might, nearly choked with the rising smoke. Once, twice, thrice, and then the rag burst into flame so suddenly that Sandy dropped it on the floor. Don tossed it into the pan of fuel, and both knelt over it, carefully feeding the flame with paper and chips.

When the fire was strong enough, it was put into the stove along with fresh fuel, and soon the boys had a roaring fire. Half an hour later they were toasting themselves before the stove, and enjoying a hastily-cooked meal from the venison which Sandy had carried with him from the hunt.

By noon on the following day the blizzard was over, and the brothers were able to reach home in safety. Their pony was there before them, having been able by some means to find his way home through the storm. Their mother had not been at all anxious, and the boys had the good sense to say nothing about the danger through which they had passed.

FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And he said, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he went to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This gilded pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

H. F. Gould.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GEORGE STEPHENSON WAS BORN.

THE STORY OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Our story begins in a collier's home in a little mining village in the north of England. The collier, Robert Stephenson, known among his fellow-workmen as "Old Bob Steve," was the fireman of an engine that pumped up water from one of the coal mines. He had a family of six children, and he earned but twelve shillings a week.

Thus it came about that George, the second boy, when only a lad of seven years old, was sent off to the fields to tend a herd of cows. The little fellow was bare-headed and bare-legged, and had scarcely enough

clothes to cover his active little body. But he was quick, bright, and light-hearted, and always went whistling or singing merrily to his daily task.

"Moulding engines out of clay."

One of his great delights in his spare moments was to watch the engine at which his father worked. The engine seemed to his keen little mind the most wonderful thing in the world, and he was never tired of gazing at it as the various parts worked smoothly up and down or to and fro, and often while tending his cows he used to amuse himself by moulding similar little engines out of clay.

His father had taught him to love birds too, but never to destroy or rob their nests. Sixty years after, when he was a famous man and had a park of his own, George Stephenson found a little ragged lad bird-nesting in his trees. The frightened little trespasser only heard these kind words: "Don't take the nests, my lad; it grieves the poor old birds so. Come and look at them, but don't take them away. You have no cause to be afraid of me; I used to do it myself when I was a boy."

George had to work hard all through his boyhood and

youth. While other boys of his age were going to school, he was tending cows, ploughing, hoeing potatoes and turnips, and finally aiding his father as assistant fireman on wages of one shilling a day. One Saturday, when he was fifteen years old, he went to the foreman's office for his wages, and heard the grand news that his pay was to be raised to twelve shillings a week. Out he came, tossing his cap in the air and shouting in his joy, "Now I'm a made man for life!"

Two years later he was made an engine man. His duty was to watch the engine in his charge, and if anything went wrong with the pump, to go to the bottom of the shaft and get it put right.

His engine became a sort of pet to him. He loved and studied it, and in his leisure hours he used to take it to pieces and clean it, so that he learned to understand how it was made; and he was known as a clever workman who could be trusted never to neglect his duty.

But up to this time, strange to say, poor George had not had an hour's schooling. Sometimes in the dinner-hour, or at night when work was done, he used to sit down beside his engine fire and get some good-natured man to read aloud any stray book or newspaper that could be found, while he modelled clay engines.

He was always on the watch to hear something about the famous engines which Messrs. Boulton and Watt

were making in Birmingham—engines which were not yet known, except by name, in the north. If he could only read, he might find some way to learn about them.

At last, though he was ashamed to confess he was such a dunce, he went to a night school where a few of the collier boys paid threepence a week for lessons in reading and spelling, and sat down among them to take his first lesson. In less than a year he had learned to read and write, and had mastered his arithmetic from cover to cover.

"His first lesson."

When about twenty, Stephenson was promoted to be the brakesman of a large coal mine, and his wages were now about twenty shillings a week. In his leisure time he earned many an extra shilling by mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen. He had now many good reasons for wishing to save money. This was one. He loved a bright, happy girl, named Fanny Henderson, and wanted to make a little home of his own with her. This came about in time; and on their wedding-day they made holiday, and borrowed a farm horse which carried

them both safely, with saddle and pillion, as was the custom in those days, across the meadows for fifteen miles to George's old home, to spend a few hours with his father and mother. They were growing infirm, and longed to see their boy and his wife.

The married life of young Stephenson was very happy but very brief. In a few years the good little wife died, leaving an only son. This son was Robert Stephenson, the famous engineer and bridge-builder of later years.

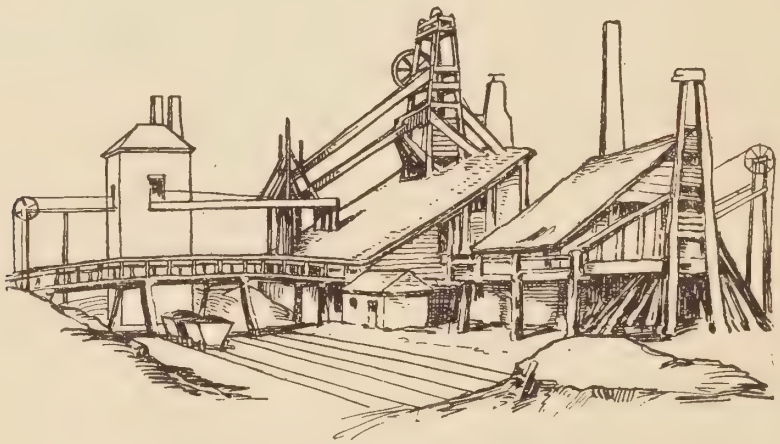
Though stricken with sorrow, George had to work as untiringly as ever; for not only had he his little Robert to clothe and educate, but he had also to provide food and shelter for his old father, who, through an accident, had now become a blind and helpless old man. Picture him, then, working at his engine in the daytime, and every night busy mending shoes or making them, cleaning his neighbors' clocks and watches, and always turning his clever hands to some good account.

The following incident shows to what skill Stephenson had attained in the working of engines.

Not far from the hill on which George worked the engine that raised and lowered the coal or men up and down the shaft, there was another coal pit called the "Killingworth High Pit," which was half filled with water. Though a pumping-engine had been at work there for months it could not clear the pit. Engine-

masters came from long distances to try what they could do with the engine. All in vain: the pump could not be made to clear the pit.

George could see the smoke of the engine chimney as he stood on the hill-top, and one Saturday afternoon he went to the High Pit, examined the engine, and guessed what was wrong. A pitman asked him his opinion. "Man," said George, "I could alter her and clear the pit in a week."



KILLINGWORTH HIGH PIT.

The overlooker laughed when George's words were repeated to him; still, having heard that George was clever with engines, he sent for him, and said, "If you will set to work at once, you shall have a fair trial. The men are fairly drowned out."

George lost no time. He pulled the engine to pieces with the help of men he could trust, altered it, and put it together again. After twenty-four hours' pumping

the pit was cleared of water, and the men were sent down the shaft to the bottom amid the cheers of the crowd that stood round to watch.

After this, George was made engine-wright at the High Pit, with good wages. He was known as the "pump-curer," and his advice was often asked.

The time was fast coming, however, when Stephenson should put to great use the knowledge he had acquired through his lifelong study of engines and machinery, and should gain fame and fortune for himself.

As a boy he had seen the tramway rails upon which the wagons of coal were drawn by horses from the mines to the river. Later on, as has been seen, he had learned all about steam engines. He now had visions of making a steam engine which would run upon rails and take the place of horses in the carrying about of goods and of people. Hitherto the steam engine had been used as a stationary machine. He proposed to make it move and travel.

He made many drawings and plans of engines, but one after another proved to be worthless. He did not give up, and at last, after many years' thinking and struggling, he did construct a steam locomotive which would actually run on rails. Its first trip was made on a little railway at Killingworth, and it drew a load of thirty tons at the rate of four miles an hour. This was too slow, however,

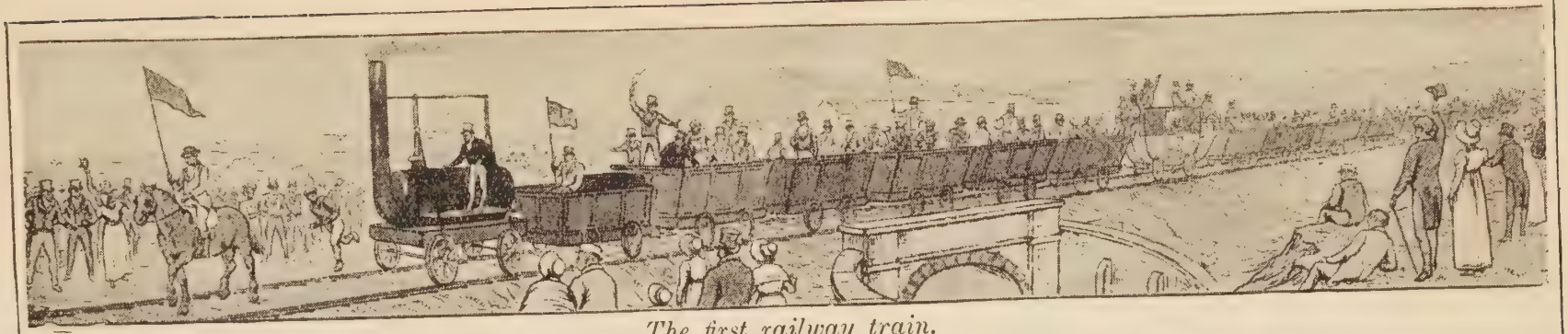
and patient George worked and planned till at last he made an engine that was a great improvement on all former ones. Then in his joy he cried, "Railways will yet become a great highway for the king and his subjects."

Eight years passed before Stephenson was able to bring his invention much before the notice of the public, but at last a chance came. An eighty-mile line of railway was to be built from certain coal mines down to the sea-coast, and Stephenson was appointed engineer.

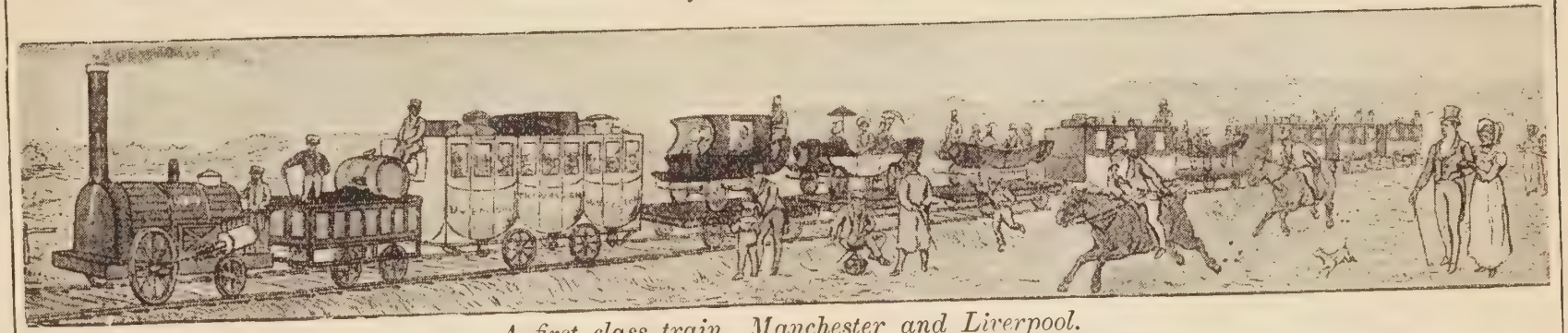
In three years' time the new line was laid, and when the opening day came, crowds of people from far and near assembled to see the long line of coal wagons, and of wagons filled, for the occasion, with venturesome passengers, all drawn by the locomotive which was driven by Stephenson himself.

A horseman with a grand banner rode in front, and he never dreamed that the "iron horse" could rival the pace of his own steed; but very soon Stephenson turned on the steam, and horse and rider had to hurry off the track, as the engine with a shriek carried along the train of wagons at a rate which astonished the spectators.

At this time Manchester and Liverpool were becoming busy towns through the growth of the cotton industry. A line was needed there, and Stephenson was again asked to lay a railway and build the engines. This was



The first railway train.



A first class train, Manchester and Liverpool.

A second class train, Manchester and Liverpool.

The Infancy of the Railway.—*From old prints.*

a hard task, for between the two towns was a sponge-like bog called "Chat Moss," four miles in length. On all hands it was said that the task Stephenson had undertaken was impossible—that without doubt road and engines would sink into the moss. He was scorned and laughed at. "I will make my road float on Chat Moss," said Stephenson bravely. "And, what is more, a travelling engine shall run across it; only give me men, money, and materials."

Patience and perseverance won the day. The wonderful railway was at last completed.

Stephenson's crowning triumph, however, was yet to come. A prize of five hundred pounds had been offered for the best locomotive which should be produced on the new railway. On the day appointed for the great trial, four engines ran for the prize—the *Novelty*, the *Sanspareil*, the *Perseverance*, and Stephenson's *Rocket*. It would take too long to describe the contest. Three of the engines broke down. The *Rocket* alone stood every test, and was declared the winner of the prize. Two trips were made, and, to the amazement of all, the engine travelled at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour. This was in the year 1829.

The future of the railroad and the locomotive was now assured, and Stephenson had earned and justly won the honor and praise of a grateful country.

The Stuart Family.—*Van Dyck.*
(*Children of King Charles I.*)

LITTLE BELL.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he—
"What's your name? Oh, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold!"
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks.
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—

Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold blackbird piped, that all might hear.
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern.
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return!
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—
Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes—
And adown the tree

Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one.
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare!
Little Bell gave each his honest share;
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again
'Neath the morning skies,
In the childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care.
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee." THOMAS WESTWOOD.

From "Gathered in the Gloaming," by permission of Elkin Mathews.

THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

THE prairie chicken is one of the best-known birds of Manitoba. It belongs to the grouse family, and is often called the "sharp-tailed" or "pin-tailed" grouse, from the two long, soft feathers which project beyond the stiff tail feathers.

Its plumage is of a dull color, which prevents it being easily seen by its enemies. The male bird is somewhat ornamented by a bright yellow patch of bare skin above and behind the eye, and a bluish patch on the neck which he can puff out or inflate with air.

Like all wild creatures, the prairie chicken is well fitted for living in its native haunts. Its legs are protected from the cold by a thick growth of feathers, so long as almost to cover its toes. The toes themselves are curiously adapted in winter for walking on snow. We might almost say that the bird wears snow-shoes. In autumn a row of scales begins to grow out along the sides of each toe, and by the time the winter snows appear, these scales form a comb or fringe broad enough to act as snow-shoes and keep the foot from sinking through soft snow. When warm weather comes, these scales fall off, as they are no longer needed.

In spring the birds leave the shelter of the bush and spread over the prairies. Before the snow has melted food must be scarce; but they find a good friend in

the wild rose, whose red berries, or "hips," form their chief diet at this season. The fruit of the purple sand-flower is also eaten by them as well as by many other dwellers on the prairie.

When the warm weather has fairly set in, groups of prairie chicken meet in the early morning on some mound or hillock, and go through those curious movements which we call the "dance."

The birds are standing quietly in a group, when suddenly one spreads out his wings and tail, lowers his head, erects his feathers, and begins stamping the ground with his feet so hard and so quickly that it sounds like the rattle of a kettledrum. He swings round and round, his wings and tail quivering stiffly, and utters a kind of muffled crow.

As soon as the dance is fairly started all the others join in, until the whole group is whirling and stamping madly, and fairly leaping over one another in their excitement. This goes on for a minute or two, and then they gradually calm down and stop until some other bird leads off a new dance.

These dances may continue during the whole of May, usually in the early morning or forenoon, and the patches of ground chosen for them are quite beaten down by the birds; they are sometimes called "scratching grounds."

The hen bird makes her nest in long grass, usually

near some cover or on the edge of a wood. She lays from fourteen to sixteen eggs, which are of a bluish-green tint at first, and then change to a deep brown with a few darker spots. Before they are hatched the dark color bleaches or is worn off, leaving the eggs a dirty white.

The chicks are covered with a golden yellow down with little black spots above, and when they squat in the grass they are not easily seen. By the time they are three weeks old they can fly.

The first fall of snow warns the prairie chicken to leave the open plain and seek the shelter of the woods. They never perch on trees during summer, but now they make these their favorite roosting-places. When they are seen leaving the open woods and seeking the thick bush, the settler knows that severe weather is at hand.

Like other birds of the grouse family, they like to spend the cold nights buried in a soft snow-drift. They burrow about six inches down into the snow, and then make a tunnel where they sleep cosily, snow and feathers protecting them from the keen frost.

Sometimes a fall of sleet comes during the night. This freezes hard on the surface, and the birds are made helpless prisoners. At other times they may be scented out and killed by a hungry fox. But for the most part they find their snow hut which they make for themselves the best protection against extreme cold.

THE DIPPER.

Do you know the seven bright stars in the northern sky which are called the Plough or the Wagon? They are also called the Dipper, and there is an Indian story which tells us how they got their name.

Once upon a time in the Far West the summer had been very hot and dry. No rain had fallen for weeks: the plants drooped and withered, and no water could be found by the thirsty birds and beasts.

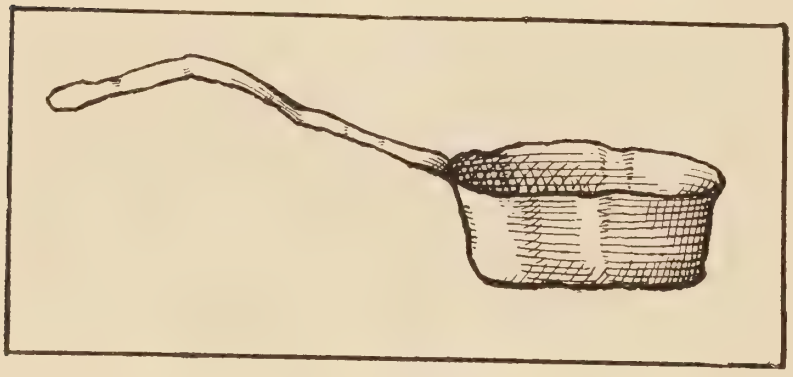
One morning a little girl went out with an old tin dipper in her hand to look for water. Her mother was very ill, and was almost dying of thirst. The wells near her tent were all dry, and the girl climbed the hill to look for a spring.

Up and up she climbed, among the parched and drooping plants, the silent birds, and the thirsty animals. Her feet were cut by sharp stones, but still she pushed on over the steep rocks, ever hoping to find a little water for her sick mother.

At last she came to a steep wall of rock which quite

barred her way. "Oh, if some good fairy would only show me where to find water!" she said as she sank down on the ground tired and sad at heart.

In a moment a beautiful lady stood before her, and



with a wand that was in her hand she pointed to a narrow path among the rocks. The girl jumped up and followed this path, and in a few minutes she came to a clear spring of water almost hidden among green ferns and bushes.

Quickly she filled her dipper with the sweet water, and came out from the rocky path; but the beautiful lady was gone. At once she started on her way home, holding the dipper with great care lest she should spill any of the precious water.

As she hurried on she saw a poor little rabbit lying on the path almost dead with thirst. The kind-hearted girl stooped down and poured a few drops of the water into the rabbit's mouth. Then a wonderful thing happened: the rusty tin dipper changed to bright shining silver!

Soon the girl reached her home, and with a glad heart she handed the water to her mother. As the sick

woman raised the dipper to her lips she saw the eyes of her nurse bent eagerly upon the cooling water.

"My faithful nurse," she said, "you are thirsty too; you shall drink first."

Then, as she handed the silver dipper to the nurse, another wonder happened: it was changed to pure gold!

As the mother once more took the dipper to drink, a shadow fell upon the floor. In the doorway stood a poor old woman, ragged and pale and weak. She could not speak, but she stretched out her hand towards the water.

The mother and the little girl looked at each other. Could they give away the last drop of the precious water? The mother smiled, and handed the golden dipper to the girl, who put it into the hands of the stranger.

As the old woman drank another wonderful thing happened: her rags were changed into beautiful robes, and the dipper sparkled with diamonds.

"O mother," cried the little girl, "it is the fairy I saw in the mountains! And look, the dipper is studded with shining diamonds!"

"So shall it shine for ever in the heavens as a sign," said the fairy, and in a moment she vanished from their sight.

And now they saw that the sky was dark with clouds and a gentle rain was beginning to fall. There was abundance of water for all the plants, and the birds, and the beasts, and the people.

When evening came and the sky was again clear the little girl looked up to the stars, and there she saw the form of her dipper traced out by the seven bright stars which we mentioned.

When the children are told this story they sometimes ask, "Is it a true story?" and the mothers reply, "When you know what the story means you will know that it is true."

THE OWL.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

TENNYSON.

THE SOWER AND THE SEED.

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea side. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore. And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up: some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them. But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Bible: *Matt. xiii.*

JOHN GILPIN.

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly !" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

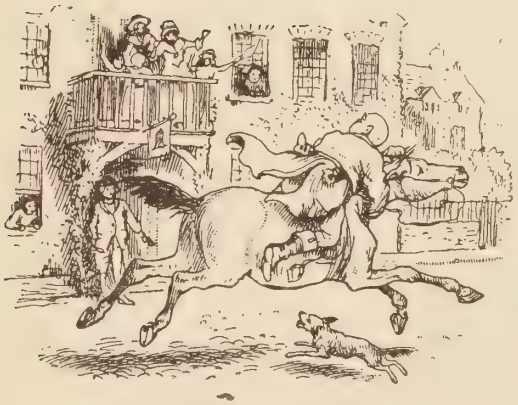
And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.



At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell—
Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all!"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit!

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine:

'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels—
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king;
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE BLUE JAY.

Said Jim Baker, "There's more to a blue jay than to any other creature. He has more kinds of feeling than any other creature; and mind you, whatever a blue jay feels he can put into words. No common words either, but out-and-out book-talk. You never see a jay at a loss for a word.

"You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, because he has feathers on him; otherwise he is just as human as you are.

"Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can laugh, a jay can gossip, a jay can feel ashamed, just as well as you do, maybe better. And there's another thing: in good, clean, out-and-out scolding a blue jay can beat anything alive.

"Seven years ago the last man about here but me

moved away. There stands his house—a log-house with just one big room and no more; no ceiling, nothing between the rafters and the floor.

"Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, when a blue jay flew down on that house with an acorn in his mouth.

"'Hello,' says he, 'I reckon here's something.' When he spoke the acorn fell out of his mouth and rolled down the roof. He didn't care; his mind was on the thing he had found.

"It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and put the other to the hole, like a possum looking down a jug.

"Then he looked up, gave a wink or two with his wings, and says, 'It looks like a hole, it's placed like a hole—and—if I don't think it *is* a hole!'

"Then he cocked his head down and took another look. He looked up with joy, this time winked his wings and his tail both, and says, 'If I ain't in luck! Why, it's an elegant hole!'

"So he flew down and got that acorn and dropped it in, and was tilting his head back with a smile when a queer look of surprise came over his face. Then he says, 'Why, I didn't hear it fall.'

"He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look; rose up and shook his head; went to the

other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. No use.

"So, after thinking awhile, he says, 'I reckon it's all right. I'll try it, anyway.'

"So he flew off and brought another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to get his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it. He was too late. He got another acorn and tried to see where it went, but he couldn't.

"He says, 'Well, I never saw such a hole as this before. I reckon it's a new kind.' Then he got angry and walked up and down the roof. I never saw a bird take on so.

"When he got through he looked in the hole for half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a queer hole; but I have started to fill you, and I'll do it if it takes a hundred years.'

"And with that away he went. For two hours and a half you never saw a bird work so hard. He did not stop to look in any more, but just threw acorns in and went for more.

"Well, at last he could hardly flap his wings, he was so tired out. So he bent down for a look. He looked up, pale with rage. He says, 'I've put in enough acorns to keep the family thirty years, and I can't see a sign of them.'

"Another jay was going by, and heard him. So he stopped to ask what was the matter. Our jay told him the whole story. Then he went and looked down the hole, and came back and said, 'How many tons did you put in there?'

"'Not less than two,' said our jay.

"The other jay looked again, but could not make it out; so he gave a yell, and three more jays came. They all talked at once for a while, and then called in more jays.

"Pretty soon the air was blue with jays, and every jay put his eye to the hole and told what he thought. They looked the house all over too. The door was partly open, and at last one old jay happened to look in. There lay the acorns all over the floor.

"He flapped his wings and gave a yell, 'Come here, everybody! Ha! ha! He's been trying to fill a house with acorns.'

"As each jay took a look, the fun of the thing struck him, and how he did laugh! And for an hour after they roosted on the housetop and trees, and laughed like human beings.

"It isn't any use to tell me a blue jay hasn't any fun in him. I know better."

MARK TWAIN.

Adapted from "A Tramp Abroad," by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come ! ye have called me long ;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song :
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from their forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;

The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain:
They are sweeping on to the silvery main;
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs;
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Away from the dwelling of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

MRS. HEMANS.

CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE.

Children of the Empire, you are brothers all;
Children of the Empire, answer to the call;
Let your voices mingle, lift your heads and sing,
"God save dear old Britain, and God save Britain's king."

Children of the Empire, your fathers fought and died
That you might stand, a noble band, in honor and in pride;
That you might do the thing you will, and strike with arm of might
For justice and for freedom's sake, for country, king, and right.

Children of the Empire, from little isles they came,
To spread abroad in every land the magic of their fame;
They toiled, they strove, they perished, that you and I might see
The fair, free lands of Britain arise in every sea.

Children of the Empire, clasp hands across the main,
And glory in your brotherhood again and yet again;
Uphold your noble heritage—oh, never let it fall—
And love the land that bore you, but the Empire best of all.

Edward Shirley.

THE END.

Mrs. Mrs. Horsburgh

Carnduff,

Sask.,

Mrs M S Horsburgh